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[Gail Hamilton, *in "A New Atmosphere."*

THE

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

VOL. 1.] New York, February, 1865. [No. 4.

Spirits in Prison.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

It is one of the oldest of Christendom's mythical stories, that Christ, in the interval between his death and resurrection, went down into Hades, the under-world—the world of the departed—and delivered to them the message he had been giving to the living on the earth. The story is thus forcibly told in the old "Gospel of Nicodemus," as it is called: "At the hour of midnight a great brightness lighted up the darkness of hell, like the rising of a sun, and all the dwellers therein were revealed to each other. Forthwith father Abraham joined the patriarchs and prophets, crying, 'A great Light this—a very great Light!' 'Yes,' said Isaiah, 'it is the Light which I foretold would rise upon the people sitting in darkness.' While they were all congratulating themselves on the new dawning, comes along father Simeon, and testifies to the vision that came to him as he held the little babe Jesus in his arms. The crowd increases, the exultation rises. Presently the wild Baptist strays by, and adds his word of interpretation: he was the Christ's forerunner—the Light was his Light. The tidings spread through the under-world. The Prince of Darkness and the keeper of the gates hold consultation, and determine to resist the Redeemer's entrance. Their terrible voices are heard, at times reproaching one another, at times giving orders to the attendant demons. Suddenly, amid the cries and the clangor, a great voice rolls like thunder through the gloomy spaces: 'Open, ye doors! open, ye everlasting gates! the King of Glory would come in!' Horrible is the din and confusion: bolts clanging, chains rattling, bars groaning, fiends cursing, prophets and kings shouting the shout of joy, the vast multitude hurrying to and fro, the mighty forefathers pressing round the gates and remonstrating with the grim keepers. Again the voice rolls through the caverns: 'Open, ye gates!' and straightway Satan lifted up his voice and shouted, 'Who art thou, that wouldst release the captives sin-laden, and set them at liberty again? Who art thou, who pourest a dazzling light into sin-blinded eyes? Who is the King of Glory?' Hardly were the words uttered, when down came the brazen gates, snap went the iron bars, and all the dead who were bound stood unfettered. The Prince of Majesty seized the Lord of Hell by the crown, and handed him over to his angels. Then, outstretching his hands, he said: 'Come unto me, all ye who are mine—who bear my likeness and resemblance. All who have been held by Death and Satan, come.' Then all the just gathered around the Lord. They fell at his feet and embraced his knees. They sang songs of praise and thanksgiving. David voiced his psalm; Habakkuk and Micah lifted up their prophecy. Shouting and chorusing hallelujah, they thronged after the steps of the great Leader. Up through the dismal spaces sped the triumphant procession, the Christ leading and holding Adam, the first sinner, by the hand. As they near the gate of Paradise, they meet two old men, standing as if awaiting their coming. 'Who are you?' say the holy ones. 'I am Henoch,' responds the

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first; 'and this is Elias, the Tishbite: we await the coming of the Lord.' A little further on is a poor man with a cross on his shoulder. 'And who art thou?' 'I am the thief who was crucified with Jesus, and received his promise on the cross.' Then louder rose the chorus of praise: 'Great is the Lord, and great is his power. He has brought the sinners to the joy of Paradise.' Open flew the crystal doors; out came the welcoming angels; in went the redeemed host, emptying the prison-house and filling the courts of light."

This narrative was composed primarily to fill up the interval of time between the death and resurrection of the Christ, and to account for his presence and work. But it does more than this: it expresses the old belief in the unlimited extent of the Redeemer's mission, as comprehending all souls—the darkened, the diseased, the wicked: it speaks, too, of the infinite tenderness of that mission: it hints at the indefinite and limitless power of Truth: and it suggests the idea that the work of the Redeemer was, after all, simply the release of souls from *bondage.* The old myth touches the very heart of one of our most noble and beautiful ideas: this, namely, that the souls of wicked men are simply souls in bondage, and that the redeemer from bondage is Light. All preaching is, therefore, to Spirits in Prison; that is, to spirits bound, limited, shut up in narrow confines, inclosed within walls, held in hard duress by some Prince of Darkness. Spirits—there would be no use in preaching to them at all, if they were not. It would be merest absurdity to preach to pieces of machinery, or masses of organization, or the most exquisite arrangements of nerve and tissue. Spirits—rational beings, with will, affections, intelligence, faculties through which ideas and influences can get into them; with capacity for development and growth; with an individuality of their own, which defines them against every other individuality, and a personality which enables them to share what is common to human nature. Spirits—not lumps of clay nor forms of dust, however wonderfully and beautifully compacted. Spirits—whose very ability to conceive of spirit gives them that character which we call eternal and immortal, and whose exercise of that ability sets an infinite God on the throne of the universe, bathes the world with heavenly influences, and opens the prospect of an endless life. Spirits—if there be such a thing as spirit—but spirits in PRISON; possessing all their capacities, but having them cabined and cribbed within walls, by which their exercise is all but forbidden.

This may be called the first position taken by the new faith of our time. What men and women need is *deliverance*—the opening of doors and windows, the breaking down of gates, the loosening of fetters.

Perfect freemen are none of us; and it is from confinement in prison that our sickness, our depression, our despondency, our sadness, the gloom of our temper, the sourness of our disposition, the lowness and decay of our powers, the deadness of our aspiration, the dullness of our desires, proceed. Shut up in narrow limits, breathing the damp, close air of the dungeon, with no room for the exercise of our powers, with no bright, gladdening light of day, we fade and pine. Freedom is happiness, is expansion, is growth.

Thinking of the number and strength of these prisons men lie in, we do not wonder at the various and terrible maladies that afflict mankind. I could believe anything of human desperation after seeing a dungeon in Venice. The dungeons open ward after ward, and stand cells within cells; measuring in space from some black hole of body to the widest invisible circumference which a narrowing faith or a cramping fear spreads about the mind.

What legions of malignities are created by the imprisonment of the flesh! For the organization is a prison. It should not be—it will not be always. The time will come when it will be worthy of the name of *organization;* when it will be a complete and wondrous apparatus for the action of mental and moral power. The time will come when its curious mechanism will aid and excite the motions of the spirit—will respond to its wishes, will execute its plans, will give immediate physical efficiency to its purposes. Not in one of a million instances does it do this now. Imperfectly developed, almost wholly untrained, scarcely ever beautified, inheriting fearful disabilities from the past, subject to terrible abuses in the present, drugged, poisoned, stuffed, starved, stimulated, narcotized, infirm, decrepit, half made up, its liquids impure, its substances crude, its elements diseased from transgressions, ignorances, mistakes, outrages heedlessly perpetrated, some of its parts always liable to get

out of order, some of them always actually out of order, few of them wholly in order, stiff where it should be flexible, and flexible where it should be stiff—the poor spirit groans in its tabernacle being burdened. How many have the use of their whole organization? How many suspect its uses? How many, even of the privileged, go up into its lofty observatories, or walk through its spacious halls, or sit in its noble chambers, or pass freely in and out of its vast portals? It is a prison to us. The best of us come against it as against a dead wall. We would look out, and there are bars at the windows. We would go up, and there is a pressure as of low walls on the brain. Hand and foot do not respond to the will. And this is the case will the well-born. Then think of the ill-born—the children of vicious and demoralized parents; the victims of ancient incontinence, intemperance, violence, whose mis-shapen bodies are cells full of loathsome crawling reptiles. What dungeons they live in! no air, no light; the least movement of the spirit dashing it against damp stone walls, which beat it down to the floor.

See these thieves, prowling about the purlieus of large cities; these housebreakers, with their tools; these men of violence and blood; these bullies, prize-fighters, ruffians—always ready to break into the bloody house of life; murderers, like Franz Muller: spirits in prison—shut up in mis-shapen heads, locked by fate within bodies every line whereof is distorted.

Then think of Poverty: think of dirt and filth and squalor: think of the cellars and attics where children are born and die—where men and women live and rot.

Think of false instruction, by which the spirit is immured—buried alive, as it were, within walls of obsolete knowledge; dead languages, heaps of useless and outgrown information piled up around it, so that it cannot make an independent inquiry, or follow a natural leading, or wander off in free speculation, or see a truth in a straight line; but must scratch and grub, and undermine and work a passage through mountains of refuse, in order to catch a glimpse of the spreading fields of Truth.

See these bigots—these oppressors—these despots and tyrants of the mind—who make it their business to crush out freedom of thought; slayers of affection; bruisers of sensibility; harsh of voice, austere of manner—spirits in the prison of Prejudice.

What a prison that is—old-time thought! thought that has become hard and stiff, like the shell of the bivalve; thoughts good enough once, when flexible and pliant, but now bad, because fatal strictures on the mind; thoughts noble, emancipating, redeeming once, perhaps, but now enslaving to all nobleness, and making hopeless all attempts at progress—swathing men about with traditional bands, till they are scarcely more vital than mummies. Who are these that are piling up faggots round a stake; that are sharpening pincers; that are stretching racks; that are drawing exterminating swords; that are pronouncing anathemas against their brethren—pitiless, remorseless, deaf to human cries? Spirits in prison: the prison of a creed, built perhaps in Asia or Greece, and transported hither.

Ah, what prisons they are! Prisons so narrow that men cannot study in them, or think, or pray: no room there for science, or art, or philosophy: windows too high from the ground for an outlook. The young people that grow up in them are sallow, sickly, stunted—no freshness in mind or spirit—incapable of thought. The people who remain in them for years become bitter and ferocious: they lose their sweetness of nature: they become delirious, insane, frenzied, idiotic sometimes: they rave against neighbor and friend, because they differ from them in opinion: they grow intolerant of light: they are driven almost to madness by opposition: they commit hideous crimes against nature, all because the darkness of their prison-house has spread decay through their souls, and rotted their charities. The fury of the St. Domenics and Torquemadas was a prison frenzy. Human nature cannot endure this incessant monotony. It turns upon itself, and gnaws its own vitals, if kept in it too long. Amiable men, good men, personally honorable men, lose their moral sanity in these dungeon-walls, and conduct themselves like maniacs. To break out of a theologic prison has cost life to more than one man and woman. But they risked life cheerfully rather than remain in them any longer. What a ghastly, blear-eyed set of people, are the sectarians! how acrid their faces! how forbidding their looks! how hard their voices! how dry their sentiments! how lean their minds! how emaciated their souls! A creed is a beautiful thing so long as it holds in solution all the truth that has been discovered, and

makes the knowledge reached apprehensible to the mind; but when it prevents the accession of more knowledge it suffocates the spirit. The progress of the mind is by breaking down an endless succession of prison-doors.

Splendid, often, are the prisons in which spirits are confined: grand in architecture, rich in carving, beautiful in line and color. They are sometimes called churches. We go into some old churches, and the feeling of closeness oppresses us as soon as we have crossed the threshold. A superstitious awe falls on the intellect; the eye seeks the ground; the mind drops into a state of reverie; dreaminess comes over the soul; the outgoings of the heart are stilled; the spirit is shrouded by somber sentiments; the great world of activity and work and duty seems unreal; human interests appear phantasmal; human sympathies weaken; we are reminded of man's infirmity and decay and doom; damps as of the graveyard come to us. They are splendid mausoleums, erected by the genius of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Italy, Germany. Human nature sickens in them; saddens with thoughts of sin and judgment; utters no natural prayer. Few dungeons are so fatal to health as ecclesiasticism; for it is narrowness in the name of the Infinite: it is limitation under the auspices of the Eternal: it is exclusiveness sanctioned by the Holy Spirit. It is not in human nature to grow when growth is impiety. When priests bar doors and shut out the incoming light, what can befall but inanition!

Prisons—how they multiply as we consider them! Portable prisons—shells as of snail or tortoise. See these women with blank, rayless faces—flat, insipid; the red globules strained out of their blood; vain, flippant, scornful, bitter, vacant-minded, empty-hearted, blocks for the miliner and mantua maker, irritable, peevish—spirits in prison. Prisons of silk and satin, of lace and velvet, so deftly cut and fashioned that the motions of the body are constrained—head fixed as in a frame—arms and feet snapt into position and held there—form forbidden to appear, except in certain streets, at certain hours—eyelids bent in peculiar directions—thoughts monopolized by a ribbon—wonderful prisons: light, gauzy, airy, but so close that when you peep into them you find no spirit at all; no rational mind, or feeling heart, or worshiping soul—only a taste for beauty in colors and textures!

Prisons of habit—moral prisons, where everything seems to live and flourish but conscience, but where mildew and mold and green slime gather upon the moral sense: where the spiritual nature lies supine: the soul of a strong man perhaps helplessly bound by the threads which his own careless or evil practices have bound about him—a slave to his own tastes—walled in by his propensities. The spirit of him perishes; not without terrible agonies, however. How he suffers! and how he sins! Wrestling with the ghosts of his old customs; tugging and straining at the impalpable bars of indulgence; pushing at the walls which his inveterate practices have built about him; trying to push away the temptation which a fatal usage thrusts into his face; haggard, worn, wasted; walking resolutely in the way of virtue, and suddenly brought up by the barrier which his own careless desires have raised before him; eager, praying to do a good deed, and hindered by the clog which he has allowed vicious inclinations to fasten to his foot. Hear him curse himself and his gods. Hear him revile father, mother, wife, child. What a blasphemer he is! See him sitting among the vermin, madly playing with them. The image of bestiality and of frenzy; the picture of misery and of sin. And yet he is only a *captive*. All he needs is the breaking of his prison bars. It is his dungeon that makes him a fiend.

And who are these that sit in sackcloth and ashes—their faces pale, their eyes downcast—leanness eating away the flesh from their bodies, and sadness drying up the juices of their blood? They speak bitterly and despairingly of life; their words and looks are austere; the young shrink from them, the bright and gay wither in their company. Their thoughts love to dwell on decay and ugliness. Life's realities are illusions to them; life's glories are deceits; knowledge is emptiness; science, philosophy, art, are a snare. Closer and closer they draw within themselves. They sin against the Holy Ghost, which comes tripping over the mountains every morning, and floating towards them on the summer breeze, and soliciting them in the endless beauty of nature, and stirring in their dry and dusty hearts the warm human affections, and suggesting to them hopes of blessedness and good to come. Who are they? They are a living mildew—a conscious blight—a frost in the spiritual world. Who are they? They are the prisoners of dark dis-

beliefs and disabling fears. The river of Birth over which they came into a vale of tears, the river of Death over which they must pass into a realm of endless punishment, make the earth a dungeon to them. The prowling Satan who ravages outside, forces them to keep housed in their cabins, and makes them bar the doors against everything that has the aspect of a seductive joy. They are afraid to think, afraid to feel, afraid to smile. They are the people who sadden and make desperate the hearts of mankind. And yet all they need is the opening of a window or a door. Dissipate an apprehension and you redeem their soul. Give them an outlook and you give them a heaven. Grant them a horizon line and you grant them a Paradise. But spirits may be imprisoned in such ethereal cages! Giants fettered by cobwebs! Demi-gods tethered to a spot by a thread of gauze! Their souls unable to fly upward, because a fear, a doubt, a suspicion, is tangled about their feet! Angels, inmeshed in a sorrow which keeps them pining and drooping in the outer darkness!

And the saddest part of it is that the prisons are elected as homes and abodes of bliss, and people lock themselves in them for security, instead of trying to get out. They hug their limitations and consecrate their barriers. A Prince of Darkness mightily opposes the coming in of the Christ. Like the captive of many years, released in his old age by royal clemency, men and women stagger out of their dark places—stand for a moment in the great square—dazed and trembling and thin—bewildered by the crowd of men—oppressed by the sense of multitude and vastness—almost blinded by the sunshine—weak, alone in a new world—pray to be allowed to return to the dungeon where they were used to their solitary ray of light, and had made friends of the rats and worms and crawling things that shared the loneliness with them. Destroy not our bastiles! is the cry of the human. Destroy not our bastiles; for they are our fortresses and asylums! Leave us our mistakes, our errors, our ignorances! They have sheltered and saved generations, and will shelter and save us! Why comest thou here, O Spirit of Knowledge, to disturb our repose? Our minds are comfortably in bed, and warm. Let us sleep and dream! Leave us our prejudices; they are all that gives consistency to our minds. We should fall in pieces without them. Shake not the edifice of our creeds: they are venerable and holy. We love their narrowness; we rejoice in their exclusiveness; we are proud of their hardness and limitation; we are safe behind their bolts and bars. They shut out wild and visionary speculations. They save us the cost and trouble of thinking. They forbid our asking questions. We should be lost without them. Widen the walls of our churches! we should be left out in the cold to be frozen. Open the communion! where then would be the distinction between saints and sinners? Break down the railing around the altar! the life of God in the world would be dissipated like a vapor. This bread and water of the sacrament is the Holy Ghost: take it away and there is no Holy Ghost. Ay, leave us our customs, our dear old customs, our hard and set old customs, our oppressive old customs. They shore us up—they keep us in place! Beware how you loosen our despotisms! society will crumble if you move a stone. Beware how you shake or undermine our slaveries! chaos will come if a fetter is broken or a black is freed. The institution is sanctioned by history: it has all antiquity in its favor: it is divine: no doubt it communicates a supernatural grace to those who live under it. Let it alone: keep off the hounds of your criticism: let not the wave of knowledge or conviction wash its walls and weaken its foundations. If you do you will be inundated by immoralities and deluged with sins. The consecrated edifices of the earth are the prisons of the earth. How people cling to their discomforts, and hug their disabilities, and cherish their fears, and cultivate their sorrows, and wrap themselves about with the garments of their heaviness. How they hate their instructors, and stone their prophets, and brand their liberators as infidels and atheists, and hoot at their light-bringers!

But the great preaching goes on. To these imprisoned souls the Spirit is always preaching. The preaching is, after all, the salvation of the world. Nothing more is needed. As one of our poets says: "The workmanship of souls is by the inaudible words of the earth." The heavens declare the eternal glory; the firmament shows the work of his hands. The earth does not withhold. Her truths continually wait. They are open to all eyes. There is no argument, no arrangement, no rhetoric. There is no screaming, or rant, or gesticulation. It does not menace, nor promise, nor persuade. Yet "to her children the words of

the eloquent great dumb mother never fail. The true words of God do not fail, for the elements do not fail; the laws do not fail; suns and stars do not fail. Daily the twenty-four sister hours appear, approach, and pass." Underneath audible sounds, the august chorus of heroes, the wail of slaves, persuasions of lovers, curses, gasps of the dying, laughter of the young, voices of tradesmen—underneath all these day unto day uttereth speech; the preaching of God to men; sermons in stones, in trees, in grasses; in air, water, fire; in politics, art, religion; in defeat and disaster; in the rising and falling of nations—an eternal preaching to the spirits in prison. And the burden of every discourse is still the same: *amelioration;* advance from better to better; up and on. "Will you stay and stifle in the mire there? Will you let your fruit rot within yourselves?"

It is no fable, either, that the Christ preached to the spirits in prison; nor once only was that preaching done. He is the constant opener of the prison-house; the giver of sight to the blind; the quickener of the paralytic. He liberates the soul of a nation from its oppressive Mosaic law; he predicts the destruction of the fairest temple under the sun; he emancipates man from the Sabbath customs. His word is a word of hope sent straight to the hearts of men: Have you faith—you leper, you palsied, you cripple, you slave to inveterate infirmity—have you faith in the divine man? Then get up on your feet and walk: walk out of your imbecility; walk out of your sorrow; walk out of your ignorance; walk out of your sin; walk away from this narrow street; walk out into the wide fields, and be yourself again. Strange that the Christ should ever have been looked on as a creed-maker; a fashioner of sacraments; an inventor of a spiritual police; a builder of close communions; a confiner of the Holy Ghost; a doorkeeper at the gate of an establishment; a jailer at the portals of heaven. Give an instance in which he defined a truth, or limited the scope of a doctrine, or abridged the compass of a great idea. Cite an example of his curbing mind, heart, or soul, or of his bringing back the human spirit from its quest after knowledge. Name a case of discouragement given to a seeker after truth. Name a case in which he bade man or woman remain where they were, indifferent to improvement. Quote a specimen of his doubt, his fear, his apprehension. Tell us when he ever cast a shadow on man's cheerfulness, or depressed by an atom the springs of man's hope. Why, he was himself the type of an emancipated race: he was himself the soul of a nation that had been bound up in sacred superstitions and holy bigotries for 2000 years—now released—he is the very type of man emancipated from bands of organization, from thraldom of custom, from limitation of circumstances, from dogmatisms, from hopes and fears and sorrows, from seductions of life and from terrors of death: a man released into the world of noble sympathies and large interests; let out into the universe of the human; free to lay down his life and to take it up; a true cosmopolitan; at liberty to love Greek and Roman, Pagan and Jew; more than patriot, for "he that dies for a truth dies not for his country, but for the world." What he was he became through a succession of liberations—a series of unswathings. He is the *risen man.* Every word he spoke gave life to the atmosphere; every deed he performed drew back a bolt; every touch of his hand lifted a latch; every glance of his eye shriveled a cord. The mere thought of him makes churches look narrow and creeds scanty and institutions belittling. The mere thought of him so expands and uplifts the mind, that our houses of faith seem prisons, and our largest arrangements pinch.

Be ye as I am: Be ye as I am is his word still. They who hear that word are filled with earnest purpose and aspiration, and, though bound about with grave-clothes like Lazarus, come staggering to the door of their tombs.

If all the preaching in Christendom for three thousand years had been a preaching to spirits in prison waiting for their deliverance, there would be no cause to speak of its "foolishness." If all the doctrines had been doctrines that enlarged the world of thought and liberated the mind from prejudice and error: if all the creeds had been in advance of positive knowledge, instead of in the rear of it, and had kept men stretching forward towards new wisdom: if all the churches had been places where the cramped and tortured mind could sit and breathe freely—where the imprisoned soul could find sweet release in the realm of aspiration—where the oppressed conscience could lay down its burden, and the caged spirit could spread its wings and soar towards the Infinite, in full

faith, that, though it sped to the uttermost parts of the sea, its pinions would still be upborne by his spirit: if symbol and sign and sacrament had taken the imagination and led it away to visions of beauty and hope and love: if God's ministers—the bearers of his word—had devoted themselves, Sunday after Sunday in their preaching, and day after day in their lives, to the sweet and lovely task of creating a serene, invigorating, sunny atmosphere, in which men should instinctively feel happy and trusting and good; bathed in which, they should forget care and trouble, and toil and sorrow—should rise at once above their fears and remorses—should drop their sins with a sigh of relief—should silently put away their jealousies and hates—should let their hands steal out to find the hands of those they had wronged or been wronged by, and, like little children, lay themselves down on God's merciful bosom, in the fullness of trust: if the priest and the prophet, instead of tightening the bands of dogma, and straining rigidly the cords of law, and shutting down the lid of revelation, and warning people against stretching their leading-strings, had but for an hour or two each week made all thought of them disappear, and encouraged the fledgling souls that gathered about the altar to spread their wings and try a bold flight out into the limitless azure—how much better, how much purer, how much safer, how much happier, the world of men and women would be! What power they would have by this time to look at the sun! what power to walk without being weary—to run without being faint! How full their bosoms would be with the blessed wild flowers of hope and consolation!

"Give me," said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last sickness, "give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it." "We do not mark," says Richter, "how the passionate body is gradually cooled by principles; how, when the whole brain is paralyzed, every nerve rusty and exhausted, the soul oppressed by leaden weights, a striking idea sets the fine mechanism at work again." An old man, worn out, body and mind—his limbs almost useless, his eyesight gone, his brain heavy and confused with the weight of lonely hours, a terrible affliction crushing every spring of his heart, his life all shut in to the dimensions of the room where he sate, dark and passive—received a visit from a friend. What do you enjoy here? asked his visitor. I enjoy nothing: my joys are all dead. Then the friend dropped into his dark, imprisoned mind, a spark of that glowing universe which had once filled that sad heart; led his thoughts forward into eternity, towards the eternal sun; suggested to him that the darkness and emptiness disappeared as thought went on; that men's souls are marsh-lights, which shine in the storm and are unextinguishable in the rain. And as he spoke, the soul bound in affliction and iron opened its eyes, and spread out its hands, and pushed away the shutters of its cell, and drew aside the curtains, and came out and stood happy in a field of light.

Midnight Watching.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

O beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!
Swart Midnight on her ebon throne,
Like an Indian Princess, sits alone,
With a mantle of glory across her breast,
In whose broad folds we are rocked to rest
'Mid the gems of Orion's star-belt, set
In the glowing zone of her carcanet;
And a low, sweet song, on her mystic tongue,
That now we hear in the waking ear,
And now to the soul of the sleeping is sung!

O wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!
The silence of the midnight hour
Is deep with thought, and strong with the power
Of a spirit passion untainted by earth,
And yearning aloft to the land of its birth;
The angels are nearer, and heaven is not far,
The eye-light of love lives in planet and star;
'Tis the rustling of robes that seem brushing
the sod,
And the waving, anear, of bright wings that
we hear;
And we feel a deep thrill, the inflowing of God!

O sanctity! sanctity! sanctity!
The day has no hour that is holy as this;
The earth has no joy like this tear-dropping
bliss;
The star-dome above us grows warm in the
breath
Of the dear ones we gave to the white arms of
Death;
We feel their soft fingers lift up the damp
hair
On brows that had throbbed with the pulse of
despair;
We feel their warm kisses drop down on the
lip
Like half-opened lilies, whose morning dew
still is
Less sweet than the seal of their dear fellowship.

New Belief and Old Opinion:

A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

BY REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

Chapter I.

Introductory Letter to Mr Beecher.

Rev. H. W. Beecher:

My Dear Sir: When your sermons began to be published in the *Independent*, I formed the design of laying them by for a considerable time unread, in order to a future examination at once of so many as would together contain a statement of your leading beliefs. I anticipated that it would be possible to distinguish in your teachings, on the one hand, pure convictions of the renewed mind, born of a genuine inspiration, and uttered from your very heart, without fear of man or regard to dogmatic tradition, and, on the other hand, tenets learned merely from men—the warp which you found in the loom of history, and into which you wove, for lack of faith to set a new piece for the new time. I thought you a seer of the mind of God to a very large extent, and yet a preacher of the opinions of men to such an extent as to make it very doubtful whether your labors would result in any other than the old fabric. I hoped, however, to show, from detached utterances of your more inward faith, what wealth of purer belief you had thrust between the threads of old notions, and possibly to prove to some who long for better days for the tried heart of man what a burden of prophecy of the kingdom of God had been offered you, and would surely be again offered of God to some teacher who would not fail to deliver it.

When I came to read the extended series of your sermons, I experienced a pleasant surprise. I did not, indeed, find that the faith of the "new man" had cast out the notions of the "old." But you seemed more a true seer and less a mere preacher than I had expected to find you. You *indulged*—I fear this word does you no injustice—in bursts of free and fearless thought, full of the very heart of new life. If they were without care and without deliberation, they were at least out of the pure genius by which you were born a man of God. If you declined the duty of thinking out and defining the sound and sober sense of your best inspirations, you not less declined, in the finer heats of your speech, the bondage of authority and the decencies of a shameless creed. You thus gave, however unconsciously and with whatever contradiction between the seer and the preacher, a striking testimony of the inner heart of living faith against the external profession of formal beliefs. So complete and unreserved were your frequent outbreaks of the spirit which searcheth and judgeth all things—even the deep things of God—that it seemed incredible, unless you were as devoid as a singing-bird of logic, that you should still claim, or even suffer interested dogmatists to claim for you, any sort of connection with the hard dogmatism of the Calvinistic creed.

You were introduced by the august "we" of the editorial column as one for whom "we can give no promise in advance," who "stands upon his own merits," to whom, "if we suspected him of any lack of essential soundness in the faith," "we could no more open these columns than to Mr. Parker." Your orthodoxy "*in the pulpit*" was, nevertheless, guarantied, and the advantage of it promised through "Mr. Beecher reported only under his own careful revision." How far you, or the *Independent*, had reason to make, or to suffer the intimation, that the common report of your release from the bonds of orthodoxy was due to "the misconceptions of reporters," or "the infelicities of unpremeditated speech," we lack but one means of judging. After one hundred and ten sermons had appeared, in a note occasioned by an editorial criticism, you said, "It is proper that I should now (!) advertise the reader that the sermons, for the most part, are *not* revised, but printed as they were preached." What orthodoxy a revision would have saved we lack, then, this means of knowing—the revision itself. But it is impossible to believe that you would expurgate for the orthodox public, sermons whose heresies are the heart of your preaching when you are most hearty and most inspired. To me, at least, a very large number of passages, full of true unction, indicate a serious depth of believing departure from the infidelity of popular dogmatism in regard to the Love which God is.

You will not question my general assumption that divine truth is mingled with human opinion in your teaching. I could prove, by ample quotations from your sermons, that there are mingled also in your mind two diverse and contradictory systems of thought—

one embracing the new things of the spirit, the other embracing the old things of the popular creed. I might show by the ordinary methods of logic how entirely the former excludes the latter. And I might, I think, so set forth and apply the laws of purified reason in the renewed mind, as to make it evident that the former is the real truth of God in your heart, and the latter the mere opinion which tradition has put into your head.

I should thus undertake at once a logical adjustment of your affirmations, and a spiritual judgment of the purity of your beliefs. The laws of sound thought are of sufficient dignity and authority to warrant any one in pointing out their serious and repeated violation by an eminent public teacher of religion. The laws of the pure discernment of spiritual things, although neglected, without exception so far as I know, in the systematic determination of correct beliefs, one might well undertake to place in the seat of supreme authority, and in their name, not out of his own mere opinion, pass judgment upon the doctrines which you profess. The fundamental importance of this logic of the renewed mind, and of the purification of the body of our intuitions, and of the very workings of the original power of faith, by this logic of simple spirituals, has been with me a special reason for making a critical study of passages from your published sermons.

As far as I undertake, I shall do my work with no regard to you apart from my regard to the very truth of God; not that I might not espouse the cause of your personal and public worth with sincere good will, but for the grave reason that I dare not go aside from the simple argument of those verities before which you and I are alike insignificant. If I seem to lack respect for you, who have won so much respect, let not that make you doubt the singleness of my present aim. I am sure it will never incline you to mingle the resentments of the wounded flesh with the judgments of the pure spirit. The time has not yet come when any scholar, or preacher, or prophet even, can stand upon his dignity in the presence of any serious attempt to further discern the mind of God.

It becomes my duty in any critical survey of your beliefs and opinions to sharply distinguish your genuine faith from your professional affirmation of old traditions. I must remind you of the truth of worship of the Father, who is Spirit, in spirit and in truth. The inconsistencies of your sentimental materialism, and your singular departure from the fundamental idea of spiritual theism, I shall find ample reason to point out, while the truth of that which you thus deny I may readily establish out of your own mouth. The real nature and saving efficacy of divine fatherhood for all souls I may prove by the ample and explicit testimony of your richest and fullest teaching, though unable to deny in you a fragmentary profession of that wicked tenet of worse than pagan speculation—the dogma that God, in the love wherewith he loves his children, will damn the "dead in sin." The duty and the destiny of the creature to *be* and to *maintain*, or to maintain in his own soul and in all souls, the kingdom of God in its integrity, one must confirm with your witness, though denied the satisfaction of finding you always determined to suffer no disruption of this realm of God in the soul of man. And if one is compelled to find in your words a complete denial of the divinity of the spirit which man is, sprung from the Spirit which God is, he must also find the complete assertion of this sublime gospel of GOD WITH US. Dismissing with your materialism of carnal sentiment the notion of a man-god, and giving its due dignity to the belief in the One Spirit which is Father of all help, word of all truth, and source of all comfort, your critic will readily dispose of the triune pretense which you have already contemned not less than professed. What other matters might be dealt with in the discussion of your beliefs and opinions I need not delay to point out.

As I have had to arrange a mass of popular statements in my study of your opinions, and as I have wished to write for the people, I have no thought of attempting an ideal order of the discussion. The ordinary principles of logic are given me. The spiritual common sense out of which a scientific statement of the logic of the "new man" must be wrought, I may safely employ at once, without regard to the formal construction of an organon of intuitions, since the common reader, whom I wish to regard before all, will also employ the common and not the scientific form. I am not sure that *you* would not sleep and dream securely under an appeal intended merely for the scholar. For I find no evidence, in the long series of your sermons which I have compelled myself to read, that you have made any serious and thorough effort to reduce your beliefs to scholarly order.

You certainly fall into most unscholarly inconsistencies. I prefer, therefore, to make you judge yourself at first; to confront in you the old creed with the new faith; to bring your remnant of notions under the condemnation of the spiritual discernment which your own best common sense includes; and after that, if need be, to formally establish the method which will explain and vindicate this radical discernment.

I wish to summon you, and through you those whom you guide, to a more serious and ordered conviction of the truth which floods your own soul with heavenly life; that there may be no more contradiction in your doctrine, no more moral inadequacy in your holding and upholding of religious beliefs. If you mean to adhere to the cruel atheism of the catechism of *us and the devil against God*, in the natural and nearly universal course of human destiny, it is high time that you should purge your mind of your heartiest beliefs. If you intend, however, to teach an eternal order of GOD-WITH-US, a gospel of grace and truth for every creature, through the presence and work, in and over all, of the divine Creator, it is only fit that you should face the difficulties and accept the demands of your great apostleship.

You have guided your flock steadily away from the gloomy dens of the dark ages of dogma—out of the valleys even and far on toward the summits of heavenly knowledge. Revelation, like sunrise in the east, broadens on the ascending way. You do not fail to take frequent notice of the glories which flood the course of man. Yet you still carry the dim tapers which assume the darkness of the darkest ages of superstition in belief. You still set up altars to shapes of gloom in the groves and on the high places, preserving a cruel creed through notions which shut out the heaven of heavens, and by a pride of tradition which takes no account of the temple of God in man. *And this gives form and character to your worship; to this you practically make subservient all your better knowledge, putting revelation and obedience and perfect manhood in you to an open shame, for lack of due recognition of the significance of these gifts of God.* By so much as you have been filled with the spirit and power of a large inspiration, do you the more culpably err from the truth of right worship when you refuse to come out from the forms which merely human and carnal accidents have imposed upon you. That you commonly trample these formal traditions under your feet, giving utterance to free and pure faith in utter contempt of the old dogmas, only proves most conclusively by what lack of poise, and courage, and resolved conscience toward God and toward men, you have not denied the name nor disavowed the connection of a good standing in a bad faith. With all the grace and truth which have been put into you, and because you have attained so much of the material of pure religion, it is the more singular that you should thus comprehensively transgress, by your general profession and historic connection, the law of the visible manifestation of the kingdom of God. Having entertained the Christ of God in your own soul; having raised many hosannas to GOD-WITH-US in the life and light given you in rich abundance; you yet suffer the cruel cry of the old creed against the new faith, the cry of the "old man" against the "new," of the Jew against the Christ. You follow all the time after the revelation of the spirit, as if it were the very word and glory of God in the world, and yet at the trial of this revelation in the court of high orthodoxy, you boldly deny, you solemnly affirm your denial, and only do not yet begin to "curse and to swear" against the real master of all your thoughts and all your life. Must the completion of this denial be anticipated as soon as proof is given that you are "one of them" who anew seek the kingdom of God? Having been most forward to welcome, will you be most deperate in betrayal?

In conclusion, will you allow me a word of personal explanation? I was educated in orthodoxy. For several years I earnestly tried to obey its law of belief. I began the study of its system, sincerely longing to preach its way of life. At that moment I was set face to face with "the lost" and with "the Church of Christ," in one of its popular forms, in the great city whose wickedness and whose religion you so well know. I was borne out of myself, out of the Church, out of my creed, away from my Christ, that "awful judge" of souls, by an intense conviction that there must be help and hope for the souls I saw sinking in the gulfs of sin and torment. I made "help and hope" a command to myself, and something beyond me made it a prophecy of the ways of God. I threw in my lot with "the lost." I had to face being damned, as far as the whole weight of tradition could

force the fear of it upon unhelped, simple faith. All the good people I had ever heard of, all the inspired writings I had been taught to believe in, and that Christ, the divider and curser of the Judgment-throne, were against me, as far as I could then see. I could not have got upon my feet at all but for one thing, and that thing was the mere feeling that I *must, hell or no hell.* I studied, with no help either of liberal books or of liberal men to converse with, and tried my best to vindicate my conscience against the creed, against the book, and against the awful judging Christ. Just then it seemed fixed that I should die. Far from home and from the friends I had not dared pain with the report of my new hopes, I considered. The result of all was, that I could not go back, even to save my soul from hell. I say I could not. The voice I could not disobey bade me go on and hope in God. I went on, and it has not seemed the way to hell. I have taken counsel of reason, of study, and of the best sense of Scripture; and I make no doubt now that I obeyed conscience in the course which I took.

You say of men, "The million on the one side and the unit on the other."—(584.)* You consider yourself one of the units in this antechamber of hell—a million souls to be damned, over against you saved. Do you suppose I respect that sort of getting into heaven? I had rather go to hell with the million than go to heaven thus with you. You seem to be veritably happy going up in your scale, while the million go down in theirs! You raise a laugh in Plymouth Church a thousand times, for once that you make the elect units remember the hellward-falling millions. "Oh, well, he's a poet," one says to me. Poet or preacher, or low comedian even, you make very light of the ruin of your race. If you had any real reason to firmly believe that your song, your sermon, your fine bits of comedy, were in presence of souls whose doom is hell, the way in which you turn the fact into a farce would be enough to fix your doom. How often do you even hint that the illimitable gulfs of torment are choked with the souls of your fellows? How much in your words, your manner, and your life, does not even intimate that the air we breathe is hot as hell with the fury of the wrath in which the millions perish! Of course it is perfectly plain that you are the most contemptible of triflers, or else that you do not at all believe what you now and then try to seem to say about "the million on the one side and the unit on the other."

Let me say what you do believe. It is, that God's care is perfect, and that none can be lost out of it; but that within its embrace much is left for man to do in the work of overcoming lower tendencies. The soul has a wide place in which to try its powers, and to be tried and chastened into a higher life, although the bounds of this place are the walls of heaven. Therefore, though the kingdom of God is in us and around us, so that the seer must be full of hope, and even the martyr happy in the joy set before him, yet there is reason to labor earnestly to persuade men to do their solemn part in the fulfillment of blessed destiny. Though God is working in us to will and to do, giving to every one grace according to the measure of Christ, *an unction adequate to raise the dead in sin to the right hand of the Father*, yet is there occasion for our utmost zeal to work out our own salvation. This is the heart of your happy, earnest labors, and that about the million and the unit is a "lie for God," which you could not tell but for the deluding influence of your traditional creed and the demoralizing power of your orthodox standing.

Is it not worth your while to put yourself into the position of a true man, that your true heart may no more be belied? Is it of no moment to you that you belong ostensibly to a school in theology whose foundation dogmas are, that the soul of man, as soon as its native purity is in the least dimmed by sin, has no rights which the white throne of justice in heaven is bound to respect; that as soon as temptation has wrought rebellion, God, in administering divine government, has no choice but to divide his kingdom with the arch rebel, the Devil, letting countless souls go, and even driving them, as soon as ever they think of going, to the eternal disruption of the kingdom of Heaven and the eternal establishment of a kingdom of Hell; that the only possible mitigation of this horrible ruin of the realm of the King of Eternity is through the interposition of a Peace Man, who makes limited overtures to the rebels, if they will come back of their own accord, but disclaims all intention of violating their freedom of will, in the matter of seceding to Hell, or of subjugating them by holy influences and paternal chastisements,

* The reference is to No. 584 of the *Independent.*

or of any way compelling them to return to God and to blessedness; that the great burden of the gospel is this peace plan of salvation, and the grand speculation of the chief apostle a how-not-to-do-it theory of justification by grace, in which it is demonstrated that God's just government, though it must not bring back the rebels, may let the Peace Man receive the limited number who will come of their own accord, upon a peace invitation; and that, in the end of all things, the Peace Man will sit on a throne of final judgment, and with cursing lips make irrevocable the separation of the family of man and the disruption of the kingdom of God. I do not exaggerate the essential disloyalty, inhumanity, and blasphemy of the dogmas of Calvinism. The time is not distant when they will be regarded as relics of the paganism which offered human sacrifices to appease Divine wrath. When John Calvin burned Servetus, he stood midway between human sacrifice on the altars of paganism, and that true sacrifice of mercy which God requires. By the mercies of God I beseech you that you offer this reasonable sacrifice with open avowal and intelligent zeal, that your position may no more perpetuate the sad appearance of evil which comes of the use of a good name in a bad cause.

Do you not believe in God with us? Must you not believe that Jesus was, in simple truth, one of us? Must you not believe that unto every one of us, through God with us, is given the measure of grace which was given to Christ? Or do you think that God with us either is not a fact or is not enough, and that Jesus must be not, in simple truth, one of us, but one able to do what it is not in God to do? If you believe in God and in the entire adequacy of his control and care of souls, why do you allow a pious imagination to make a simple man very God, and permit pious sentiment to keep at peace with a system which degrades man and dishonors God in the name of Jesus? If the plan of salvation proceeds upon the assumption of ideas essentially abominable, and the hero of that plan is made to stand for God only when God himself has been virtually denied, is it not necessary to consider the sufficiency in both authority and power of faith in God, and to clear up the field of reason and the precincts of imagination and sentiment, by the most thorough and conscientious development of this most holy faith? If God will not answer the purpose as a divine object of faith, something may be said, perhaps, for idols such as the Bible and Jesus. If direct faith in Him is not vital and true, some other faith may be wanted. But if faith in God is real and true faith, and if God is the real and true divine object of faith, is it not high time that Jesus and the Bible, whatever their human worth and use may be, should cease to be in our minds divine objects of regard? I entreat you to set your face against the popular theology. I invite you to establish yourself in simple "trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of the faithful."

Chapter II.

Fault and Faith in the Apostles.

I.

The distinction is a familiar one between the Natural mind and the Renewed mind. The error we unconsciously slip into is the distinctive peculiarity of the natural mind. The purer truth we grow up into through study, work, and discipline, is the characteristic of the renewed mind. It has always been assumed, and is still dogmatically asserted, that the apostles of Christianity were so renewed as to have a faultless faith. There is abundant proof that this was not the fact. This Mr. Beecher clearly admits in more than one significant passage. We begin with the following explicit testimony:

"It was so in Peter: it is so in every Petrine man. The moral judgments that we form in those moments when we are luminous in our nobler nature, are Divine judgments. They are nearer absolute truth than any others that men can form.

"Now it is incredible and monstrous to suppose that Christ pledged himself, and pledged his Father God, to corroborate and ratify all the judgments that any earthly church might please to make. This has been the belief of ages; and yet, the very context shows that it was not to Peter in every sense, but to Peter illuminated—not to Peter in his whole personality as a secular man, but to Peter in that moment which was characterized by this experience by which his soul broke into the sphere of the soul of Christ—not to Peter in his natural condition, but to Peter in a superior state of mind—that Christ spoke."—(628.)*

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* The references are to the numbers of the *Independent*, in which Mr. Beecher's sermons are published. In a very few cases the reference is not given, a few having been lost in the process of sorting and arranging the large number of passages which have been examined. In some cases but one reference is given for several passages from the same sermon. The order of the extracts is not that of Mr. Beecher, but that, as far as possible, of the thought expressed in them.

The fact which this passage recognizes, is the great fact from which the criticism of Christian beliefs must set out. Mr. Beecher sees it, and can state it, but he fails to rigorously regard it in such study of Christian doctrine as he has been moved to make. He observes that the belief of ages has disregarded it, yet he does not perceive the necessity of an entire reformation of belief—a profound regeneration of faith—after the method suggested by this fact.

It is incontestible that Christian faith was founded in the beginning, and has been to this day built, upon a mingled action of the human mind—the action of the natural man and that of the spiritual man. Not to enter upon the profound and significant question of the "my will" of the mind of Jesus himself, we have the amplest proof that the chosen apostles of Jesus, who were the authoritative teachers of his doctrine and the builders of his Church, thought, spoke, and acted out of the "old man" as well as out of the "new." The instance of Peter, whom Jesus (if we accept the record,) named chief of his disciples in strong and right faith, is quite sufficient by itself to demonstrate this mingling of the true and the false at the historic fountain-head of Christian teaching. We have the authority of Jesus himself for the representation of a dual action of Peter's mind, on the one hand in the affirmation of what "flesh and blood hath not revealed unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," and, on the other hand, in a judgment in the very spirit of Satanic offense, according to, "not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."*

It is, indeed, ordinarily assumed that what was denounced as a sad fact by Jesus himself while the apostles were in his presence, ceased to be a fact when they were bereaved of his personal guidance, inasmuch as Jesus promised that "the spirit of truth" should "guide them into all truth." Without insisting on the antecedent probability that the guidance of the spirit thus promised by Jesus must be under the same limitations as his own personal guidance had found in the natures of those to be guided, a single fact of the life of Jesus will show that this assumption of preservation from error is wholly unwarranted. It is related that Jesus said to Peter, on an occasion subsequent to that on which he commended his eminent faith and rebuked his singular "offense"—"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;" and that he replied to the ardent profession of Peter's response, "The cock shall not crow this day before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me;" showing plainly that he did not expect that the answer to his prayer would include a literal preservation of Peter from all failure of his faith. The limitations under which the prayer was made must be admitted in the case of the promise. The prayer was for one who had it in him to be faithless as well as faithful, and Jesus did not expect to transcend the limits of Peter's nature. The promise was made to those who had it in them to think error as well as truth, and we have no reason to assume, seeing what the prayer of Jesus did not accomplish and was not expected to accomplish, that the guidance of the spirit either did transcend, or was expected to transcend, the limits of the natures of the imperfect men who followed Jesus.

As it is said in 1 John, ii: 20, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things"—not assuming more than that generally correct knowledge which by no means excludes all error—so is it said, "He will guide you into all truth," not assuming more than that general guidance which does not exclude the error incident to the nature and the circumstances of the disciple. By any fair interpretation of his words, according to the necessary and common sense which they bear, apart from the assumptions of the popular creed, we have the authority of Jesus for representing the apostles as thinking, speaking, and acting out of the natural state of mind in which error inheres, as well as out of the spiritual state of mind by which revelation is made. We may expect to find in these chief witnesses things which are of men as well as things which are of God. We are not to presume that all their judgments are of Divine authority. We are to look for a "natural condition" as well as a "superior state of mind," and to distinguish the traces of each in their work. No comprehensive claim of infallible teaching can be set up. If they themselves make it—especially if they make it boldly and confidently, as Peter rebuked Jesus—we may justly refer it to the confidence of the natural man, rather than to the inspiration of God. We may be prepared for proof out of their writings that the apostles did actually mingle human notions with divine truth in their teaching.

* Matt. xvi: 17, 23.

II.

Mr. Beecher has the following strong testimony in regard to the actual elevation and purity of the views of the apostles. We offer it in proof of his radical position. It more than proves that he finds in the apostles both the beliefs of the renewed mind and the mere notions of the natural mind:

"There is a strong belief, very generally entertained, that the disciples of our Lord, his apostles, and the early Christian church, were peculiarly blessed, in the presence of the Master, in the clearness of his teaching, and that they are to be revered and almost envied for their eminent piety.

"I think, however, that we may say of the first Christians, *inclusive of the apostles*, as they said of their predecessors in the text: 'God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' (Heb. xi:40.)

"We stand just as the apostle did, and the truth taught is as applicable now to his age, as when he spake it was to the preceding ages. And it is no more irreverent to say that *the apostles were far behind our times* than for them to say that the patriarchs were far behind their times."

"Our age is advanced far beyond the apostolic age in the unfolding of divine truths. We are not, perhaps, in advance of the apostles in a vivid apprehension of the Savior, who was personally present with them. They had the aid of their senses in forming a conception of him; but *we have a better appreciation of the moral truths which he taught*, than they that saw him and heard him speak.

"The world's history and revolutions have been changing, and deepening, and broadening our ideas of justice, of the grounds and principles of government, of the nature of sin, and of remedial methods. The world's history is God's theological seminary, and in that he has been evolving great moral doctrines to meet the wants of the race."

"Nor do we any more undervalue the apostolic period when we say that it was but one station in a long line of march that God was conducting the world by ages and successive degrees and stages to final perfectness, and that as the Jewish fathers and prophets, noble and eminent, were yet but advanced a certain way, so *the disciples and apostles*, though far beyond their predecessors, *were yet to be outstripped*."—(706.)

"The single traits or aspects in which Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul, John, and Peter, were memorable, may, perhaps, never be equaled or surpassed; for I suppose that every man has given to him some things in which he stands without a peer. And yet, human character and human condition have advanced immeasurably. And although, perhaps, not a man can be found that surpasses ancient saints in the force and heroism of individual will, and in the personal glory that comes from endowment and individual energy, yet there are many that, by force of circumstances, both *know more and do more* than any individual man did or could do in the early Church."

"Justice as applied to men is infinitely more than it once was. Love is not the same as it was in the apostles' day. For although love was created originally, what it is depends upon how we employ it and the circumstances in which we employ it. It is having a history. The world is learning more and more about love. There is more power of loving, and there is to be more in ages to come—ten thousand times—than there was in the days of Christ, or in the period intervening between the days of Christ and our time."

"The apostles went into nations, all of whose manners and usages were framed upon heathen notions and upon the partial civilizations of the periods in which they lived. Heathenism had in it a great deal that was good. It is impossible to have any theology, philosophy, or government, which is able to stand from one generation to another, that shall not have in it more truth than lie; more justice than injustice; more good than evil. Heathenism had a great deal of good; but, after all, *the determining ideas of the times of the apostles were immeasurably below the ideas* which have been wrought into the very texture and the very life-forms of the social institutions of our day. Father and mother mean to us more than they meant in Jerusalem; more than they meant in Athens; more than they meant in Rome. *Father* and *mother!* two thousand years have been augmenting the literature of those words; and when they sound out now in their amplitude, in their stores and riches, they represent what Christianity has developed in that direction. *We stand on a platform vastly higher than that on which the apostles themselves stood.*"—(706.)

These statements clearly imply in the apostles, not only a defective apprehension of Christian truth, but one more defective by the necessity of their times than would be possible to an advanced mind in our times. We do not intend to test Mr. Beeceer's affirmations by an examination of the writings of the apostles. It is sufficient for our purpose to prove that Mr. Beecher incontestibly assents to our position, that there was in the minds of the apostles not only divine truth, but those imperfect ideas and erroneous opinions which are due to the limits imposed upon inspiration by the imperfections of human nature and the level given in circumstances to human observation.

III.

Mr. Beecher's notice of an incident reported in the evangelic narrative, which we give here, will indicate what he thinks of the presence of the "old Adam" in the Church of the chosen few gathered about the person of Jesus. It is rather strong, but that is Mr. Beecher's concern, not ours:

"Take notice of the occasion of speaking. True to human nature, the mother and her sons had sought, not eminence, but undue preference—and that stealthily. She was not so anxious for the advancement of her sons in common with their fellows, as that they should steal a march upon them, and secure the highest place. The mother was mean, and the disciples that went with her were mean. And,

that the whole thing might be consistently human, the other disciples fell into a towering rage. They did not believe in being supplanted in that way; though, very likely, every one of them would have done the same thing, if he had the opportunity. But not having attempted it upon others, they felt the indignity of having it done upon them."—(703.)

The following, taken in connection with the last quotation, and even denuded of its mere conceit of a senseless motive in Jesus, is a rather rude but thorough denial of the popular notion:

"The modern pulpit is strong in learning and in a noble devotion to higher natures; but it is weak in that it clothes itself in such forms as to make it, by elective affinity, the organ of only the higher natures. *The apostles were selected just because they could not do that.* One is surprised when he examines the materials out of which the apostles were made. I have wondered that the stuff for the apostles was not imported from Athens. There were better men there. Those that were chosen were *the poorest materials that were ever hewn out into apostleship*—or anything else official. If you take James, John, and Peter out of the apostles, you have taken out all that left any record. Paul was added; he was an educated man, and he did more than all the others put together; but of the original apostles—with the exception of those three—it seems to me that the eight others (Judas being left uncounted,) were material than which *you can scarcely imagine any with less natural fitness and adaptation.* Why did Christ select these men? For the very reason, that, from their calling and position, they *did not know anything else, and could not learn anything else in their lifetime*, than the simple things taught them in the simplest language; and that, therefore, when they should speak, their words would go right home to their fellows—the poor and common people."—(706?)

The audacious sciolism of the statement that the apostles were *selected* by Jesus for their comprehensive ignorance, we need not point out. Nor do we pretend to assent to the account which Mr. Beecher gives of the material out of which Jesus undertook to make teachers of his doctrine. But we may eliminate from these crude affirmations Mr. Beecher's clear testimony to the fact that the intelligence and moral culture of the apostles were such, as to involve, of necessity, not a little of the "old man" mingled with all that they had of the "new man." No doubt there were not a few "things of God" of which they did not, and, in their circumstances, could not have any right knowledge. Their work must necessarily bear the impress of this decided limitation. No wonder that "Paul, an educated man, did more than all the others put together." Mr. Beecher does not appear to heed the significance of this fact. Does he suppose that Jesus chose his apostles with a view to their doing less all together than the one apostle did who lacked the qualification on which he says the choice of Jesus was based? The apostles were selected, Mr. Beecher says, for what they did not know and could not learn. Paul appeared with the knowledge and the capacity which they lacked. He did more alone than all the other apostles put together. And if we add that Paul was opposed by the other apostles, the choice of Jesus becomes, by Mr. Beecher's account, altogether inexplicable. At the least we must conclude that it took simple and humble men for what they were, and by no means as organs of infallible truth.

In regard to Paul, Mr. Beecher has the following suggestive statement:

"2 Cor. xii: 9.—I have read in your presence the context. This is the result of the experience. The apostle had been made the subject of *surprising revelations.* So far had he been wrought upon, as not to know whether he was in a normal and natural bodily state, or whether he was under the influence of a miraculous power. *In a swoon*, as it were, he had been caught up out of the body, and borne into the upper realm, where he beheld sights that he could not describe, and heard utterances that he could not repeat. And lest, as he says, when he returns to his work, these and other miraculous revelations," &c.—(697.)

We make no question here of what Paul's experience of "revelation" was. Mr. Beecher's idea of this experience alone concerns us. Does a swoon belong within the sphere of the natural or of the spiritual man? There is a purely unspiritual and carnal notion, according to which revelation is through some swoon of the senses. We need not pause upon its folly. Is Mr. Beecher's assumption at the level of this notion? He says that Paul did "not know whether he was in a normal and natural bodily state, or whether he was under the influence of a miraculous power;" and in an unnatural and abnormal bodily state. There can be no question of it. Mr. Beecher assumes an abnormal physical condition as the basis of Paul's "surprising revelations." Does he expect that the dreams of the natural man will be accepted as truths of the spiritual man? He expects too much. He puts Paul on the level of that extreme and senseless naturalism which deals in the miracles of the trance, and calls itself spiritualism. If Paul himself did "not know whether he was under the influence of miraculous power," moreover, how does Mr. Beecher so confidently affirm it? He imports into the account what he does not find there. We dismiss Mr. Beecher's affirmation, therefore, as wholly baseless, merely allowing it to suggest that there was in the great apostle something of the natural as well as of the spiritual mind.

The general principles clearly involved in the position here taken, and their practical bearing and application, would be fully examined in treating at length of method in belief.

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1865.

T. W. Higginson, whose "Bequest of Spiritualism," in the present number, may be read with profit, will contribute regularly to the *Friend of Progress.*

The discussion of individual beliefs and opinions comes within the purpose and scope of this Magazine, only when such opinions have become public property, and are, in themselves, of wide interest and value, and moreover, when the criticism is made in the light of general principles, and tends to subserve the cause of truth.

All of these conditions we believe to be met in the "Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," by Edward C. Towne. Not only is the spirit of the Reviewer unexceptionable, but the character of his work is such as Mr. Beecher, with every other lover of truth, may approve.

While we shrink from all merely personal controversies, we would fellowship every inquiry and criticism made, regardless of the fear or favor of men, and for the sake of the imperonal excellences and universal benefits of truth and justice.

Missouri Free.

We know not the exact cost to our nation in lives and treasure of the slaveholder's rebellion. Whatever the cost, let the balance be struck against a large amount of both life and wealth; for Missouri is forever free!

First Maryland, next by an almost unanimous vote, Missouri, and as we go to press, Tennessee also promises soon to be free. Kentucky must soon follow, and other States with her.

Seven years of struggle the American colonies gave for freedom from the very moderate oppression of English rule. Shall we murmur at four years for the freedom of as many States from the blight of chattel slavery? Verily coming generations will count the sacrifice small indeed, even though the war be prolonged four times four years, if only human freedom be secured forever on American soil.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham.

This noble woman, distinguished alike as a philanthropist and author, closed her earthly life on Thursday, December 15, 1864. Her disease was consumption, induced probably by severe mental labor, aggravated, as we believe, by exposure in hospital service at Gettysburg.

The many, far and near, to whom she ministered sympathy, affection, and strength—as if an unfailing fountain of each—will mourn her loss, and seek in vain to find another to fill her place. A yet wider circle, to whom her thoughts were known, and who had at a distance inhaled the fragrance of her glorious deeds of benevolence and love, thus becoming sharers in the richness of her life, will hear the tidings with sadness and regret.

The January number of the Friend of Progress had just gone to press, when the event, anticipated for some weeks previous, took place. We have waited, hoping to secure a tribute to her worth as a woman and philanthropist, from some one more familiar with her life and labors. Disappointed in this expectation, no alternative is left us but to meet the eager solicitude of her wide circle of friends by supplying, so far as able, from the means within our reach, a few details of incidents connected with her life, sickness, and death.

The feeling that the time has not yet arrived for a just record of her life and worth to be made, and the well-known wish of the departed, are considerations that debar us from undertaking the office of eulogist. We wish merely to offer to those friends at a distance, from many of whom letters continue to arrive to her address, such meager facts and events as would afford us satisfaction and consolation, were we similarly removed from the scene of Mrs. Farnham's last hours, or ignorant of the leading events of her life.

Since we began to write, a letter was brought in, addressed to Mrs. Farnham, in our care, bearing the San Francisco postmark. As the custom doubtless is at that office with letters deposited after the making up of the steamer's mail, the one before us bears the plainly printed inscription—"*Too late!*" Alas, how significant these simple words!

Eliza Wood Farnham was born at Rensselaerville, Albany Co., N. Y., in November, 1815, and had, consequently, just entered upon her fiftieth year at the time of her death. Her

family name was Burhans. At the age of four years she lost her mother—a woman to whom she must have been largely indebted for the rare qualities of her nature. What her life might have been had this parent remained to her, it is needless perhaps to imagine. We can easily believe, however, that she would have been spared much suffering, and possibly thereby been less peculiarly fitted for her great work in life.

At six years of age she was transplanted to western Pennsylvania, where the remainder of her childhood was passed. The record of the period intervening between this and her twentieth year is given in the Autobiography of her Early Days—a work entitled "Eliza Woodson"—of which, it will be observed, Mr. Frothingham speaks, in the remarks at her funeral, which we give.

In 1836 she was married, at the house of a married sister in Illinois, to Mr. Thomas J. Farnham, a traveler and writer of some note at that period, but one who failed to bring to his gifted companion that perfect peace and happiness which, by her early trials, she was so well fitted to enjoy. Three children, we believe, were born of this relation, only one of whom survived beyond early childhood. This son, Charles H. Farnham, is the only remaining member of the family. He is at present pursuing musical studies at Paris.

In 1839 Mr. Farnham made a journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, visited the Sandwich Islands, and returned the following year by way of Mexico. During his absence, Mrs. Farnham, having buried her first born, a child of rare promise, in 1838, spent a large portion of her time in lecturing through the West, upon Phrenology. While at Alton, she visited the Penitentiary, and there betrayed the peculiar interest in criminals and unfortunates which was awakened in early childhood, and never once forgotten through all her subsequent years of suffering and disappointment.

In 1841 Mr. and Mrs. Farnham came East, and finally located in New York city, depending chiefly on the product of their pens for support. Here she devoted herself mainly to philanthropic labors. At a time when their united incomes were very limited, and when she was obliged to deny herself every luxury, Mrs. Farnham spent whole days, and weeks, and months, in gathering evidence of the innocence of friendless persons who were confined in the Tombs, victims of malicious prosecutions or false accusations. Engaged in these labors, she would often walk miles together, for want of the trifling sum necessary to pay her omnibus fare.

Her investigations and labors were conducted with an energy and ability that brought her name prominently before the public. The reputation thus acquired secured her selection, in 1844, by the Hon. J. W. Edmonds, State Prison Inspector, for the position of Matron of the Female Department of Sing Sing State Prison.

In this office, her kind and judicious efforts in behalf of the convicts were productive of the happiest results. Judge Edmonds, in his remarks at her funeral, bore ample testimony to the rare success of her administration and the excellence of the reforms she inaugurated, while the peculiar difficulties of her position, the opposition, jealousy, and prejudice she was forced to meet, were presented, much more in detail than our space will permit. "She was," said he, "the right woman in the right place."

To her personal character Judge Edmonds paid the following tribute:

"No adequate idea can be formed of the difficulties she encountered in life. Her domestic relations were not happy; she has followed two or three children to the grave; she has always been poor, and often in absolute want; yet she has never been untrue to the principles she sought to carry out in her intercourse with her fellow-men. The world could not know the extent of the good she has done, unless she trumpeted her own praises, and this she never has done. Could you know her as I have done, you would agree with me that she was one of the most extraordinary women of the age."

During her residence at Sing Sing, Mrs. Farnham published her first work, entitled, "Life in the Prairie Land," and edited an edition of Sampson's "Criminal Jurisprudence."

It was previous to her appointment to the charge at Sing Sing, and while a resident of this city, that she became engaged in a discussion, with a literary gentleman, through the columns of a city journal, of the Woman's Rights question, at that time agitated. The controversy was sustained by Mrs. Farnham in a manner abundantly to satisfy her friends, but, as she has since confessed, not with entire satisfaction to herself. She found herself unable to demonstrate the equality of the sexes, and her mind was

greatly troubled in consequence. While intent upon the composition of one of her essays, she experienced a sudden and extraordinary illumination, the whole subject opened clearly before her, and, as she believed, and never after doubted, she apprehended the truth of *Woman's innate superiority,*

She brought the discussion to a close upon the line of argument already chosen, not revealing the new light she had gained, and withdrew forever from the contest.

This statement will, perhaps, explain to those who may deem the explanation needed, why Mrs. Farnham never coöperated with the Woman's Rights Reformers in their efforts to prove the equality of Woman. All the years succeeding this period, up to within a few months of her departure, she gave her best time, closest study, and most vigorous thought, to the elucidation and presentation of this view, which for upwards of twenty years illuminated her mind and sustained her exalted spirit.

In 1848 she was called to Boston to take charge of an Institution for the Blind; but her husband having removed to California during the excitement created by the discoveries of gold, and there died, she, in 1849, removed thither, to attend to the settlement of his estate, and remained till 1856.

A second marriage was contracted during her California residence, which, after a year and a half of great suffering and trial on her part, was terminated by her obtaining a divorce, when she resumed her former name. A daughter was born of this union, which died in infancy.

It was during her passage around the Cape to California that Mrs. Farnham experienced a trial so peculiarly torturing to a mother's heart, as to awaken the keenest sympathy for her, and indignation for the heartless author of it. Mrs. Farnham was accompanied by her children—one an invalid—and at a Pacific port, in South America, she was compelled to go ashore, leaving her children for an hour only, as she supposed. While on shore, the Captain, in deliberate, wanton disregard of all her maternal solicitude, set sail, leaving the frantic mother, a stranger in a strange land, with only what she had upon her person, and tortured by the consciousness that her children—one needing every hour a mother's care—were also left to the tender mercies of strangers. A long, dreary month passed before she could follow. Happily, human sympathy and kindness were not wanting, either on ship or on shore, and mother and children were finally reunited.

This incident is but a type of the peculiar trials which seemed to attend the pathway of this devoted woman.

Upon her return to New York, in 1856, Mrs. Farnham published "California Indoors and Out," a vigorous portrait of the peculiarities of life on the Pacific shore.

In 1857, while visiting at the West, she wrote her only work of fiction. The character of the household in which she was forced to spend some little time, was such as to drive her, in mental and spiritual desperation, to her own room, where, in a surprisingly brief time, she completed this work, which is soon to be issued by the publishers of the FRIEND OF PROGRESS, under the title, "The Ideal Attained—a Story of two steadfast souls, and how they won their happiness and lost it not." The work will doubtless interest all who know aught of Mrs. Farnham's lofty conception of true man and womanhood, since it will be found to embody, in the two leading characters, her Ideal. The scenes are laid upon the Pacific, and much of both the natural scenery and social condition are from her own experience.

The two years following she devoted herself to the study of medicine, receiving her diploma. In 1859 she organized a Society to aid destitute women in emigrating to the West and California, and in furtherance of its ends, she went many times to the West and finally to the Pacific.

Early in the autumn of 1862, she returned from California, with the manuscript of her great work, "Woman and Her Era," well advanced toward completion. An incident connected with her return is worthy of mention, particularly as to it we are indebted for this valuable contribution to Progressive Literature.

The narration is thus given in her own words:

"Being in Santa Cruz, Cal., in the early part of June (1862,) and intending to come East during the summer, I one morning stated to my friend, Mrs. K——, in whose house I was visiting, that I had concluded to sail on the 21st of July. While we were talking on the subject, Mrs. Glover, a medium, resident in the town, came in, and was presently influenced by a spirit whom I had known when a child of about ten years, who said:

"'We do not wish you to go on the vessel you talk of.'

"I did not know what steamer would sail from San Francisco on the 21st of July, and had not even thought about it at all; but I asked:

"'Why not? Isn't she safe?'

"'They have been overhauling her, but she is wrong about her fire-works.'

"'Won't she get to Panama?'

"'No, she will *never* get to Panama again.'

"'Will she be lost at sea?'

"'No, she will get to the land *somewhere down there*, but half her people will be lost.'"

In consequence of this warning, she did not take passage on the ill-fated "Golden Gate," and her life was prolonged to complete the book, the manuscript of which would have been in her possession, and doubtless lost to the world, had she not been persuaded from following her first intent.

Mrs. Farnham passed the winter months in the city and vicinity, employing her time in revising her work and in giving parlor conversations. In the spring, she made application to some of the leading publishers of the city to undertake the publication of the book, but without success. It was too unpopular—revolutionary, even—in its character, to promise pecuniary success, though its literary excellence was unquestioned.

Early in the summer Mrs. Farnham visited Philadelphia, to confer with publishers in that city, but with like result. At this time she was experiencing the natural consequences of close and long-continued mental exertion, in physical prostration and lack of vigor. While she was in Philadelphia, the battle of Gettysburg was fought. Without a thought of her own condition, she was among the first who reached the battle-field; and for two weeks, without proper rest or suitable nourishment, labored night and day for the wounded and dying soldiers. From Gettysburg she returned to New York, her usual elasticity and power gone, and the tone of her system reduced, never again to be fully restored.

"Woman and Her Era" was put in the hands of the printer, and the time of the author was spent, among friends in the city, at Milton, Newburgh, and Staten Island, in revising the proofs, nursing her remaining strength, and combating tendencies to disease. With the first breath of spring the book appeared, and the burden of her life was lifted—her great work discharged. Until this time, few, if any of her friends, had seriously apprehended her true condition. She was herself, doubtless, ignorant of it. The relief experienced by the publication of the book came too late; indeed, now her treasured task was done, she seemed to decline more rapidly than before. It was evident to her friends that the source of her debility was deeply seated, and its removal quite improbable. With a steady purpose to do all possible to be done of the work before her, Mrs. Farnham faithfully made use of every means within reach to effect her restoration to health, but in vain. During the summer she visited western Pennsylvania, proposing later in the season to try the air of Minnesota, which, it was hoped, would prove conducive to her recovery.

Here she continued to decline in flesh and strength. During her visit, she wrote a friend:

"If I cannot be restored with such helps as I have, there is no restoration for me, and I shall go satisfied that the best possible has been done, and failed because I had not vitality enough to coöperate with the help given. I want my friends to understand and believe this."

This letter bore date September 5. Two weeks later she wrote:

"I am improving in many ways: I may safely say in all, I think, except flesh and strength. Whether these are ever coming back to me or not seems still questionable."

Another two weeks passed, and—so uncertain are the changing symptoms of this disease—she wrote:

"My dear friend, between ourselves, I am going back to die. There is no use in disguising it. It is so, and I am content."

Mrs. Farnham returned to the city, welcomed to the home of Mr. B. F. Voorhees, where she lingered slowly, failing day by day, for two months, when the Angel of Death came to her relief. For the satisfaction of those who would gladly have ministered to her, it should be said, that, during her last sickness, every comfort which the kindest care could suggest was provided, and her slightest wish anticipated.

Those who were privileged to visit her as she lay upon her last bed, have the precious memory of a perfectly calm, self-reliant, tranquil, and even joyful spirit. At first Mrs. Farnham felt and candidly expressed regret that the work she had projected for the future could not be accomplished by herself. "But," she always added, "it matters little—others will, perhaps, do it better than I could, if I lived." She would also have been glad to

greet once again her son, the only remaining relative on earth, but would not permit him to be advised of her condition, fearing to interrupt the progress of his studies; and calmly she accepted her destiny.

Her eyes once turned towards the other shore, she seemed never for a moment to look back with the least longing or regret. Her faith in a future life was clear and radiant as the noonday sun. Until very near her last hour, she was able to converse quite freely, and always with a minute and thoughtful interest in all that concerned those about her, which was singularly sweet and consoling to those she loved.

From all who visited her during her illness, but one testimony has been given—that she rested in the calm assurance of a happy future. Her faith as a Spiritualist sustained her in sickness, as it had done in health; and regarding death as a friend, and not as an enemy, she awaited the change with joyful expectancy, asking only patience to meet the delay.

In accordance with her own request, the funeral services were conducted at Dodworth's Hall, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th of December. The exercises consisted of appropriate music, by good artists, and addresses by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Hon. J. W. Edmonds, and Dr. R. T. Hallock.

The following day the remains were taken to Milton, Ulster Co., where, in a quiet, retired spot, they finally rest.

It should be mentioned that Mrs. Farnham had collected materials for a work to follow "Woman and Her Era," containing practical illustrations of the power of the mother over her child. She had also in contemplation the preparation of a work on Prison Discipline, and, in obedience to a universally felt wish, a volume to complete the record of her own personal experience in life. We trust neither of these purposes are doomed to entire failure, as her ample journals, manuscripts, and correspondence, afford material for the first and last volumes, if not the second also. In due time it is hoped they may be announced.

In the words of Dr. Hallock, we believe, that, "twenty years from to-day, the memory of Mrs. Farnham will be fresher in the minds of the American people than it is to-day. She could afford to wait the verdict of posterity for that justice which she could not, perhaps, expect at the hands of the present generation."

The memory of this woman, the earnestness of her life, the purity which graced her entire character, will be unto the women of the next generation a light like that of a "city set on a hill."

REMARKS OF MR. FROTHINGHAM.

We are here this afternoon, friends, to pay a simple tribute of respect to a departed sister, who has been in the world for the better part of the average human life, consecrating herself to the single purpose of doing the world good. My own knowledge of her life is very slight; for my acquaintance with her was of late date. I am unacquainted, even as a matter of history, with her past career; for the events in it transpired at a time and in places when I was in no condition to know much about her. My acquaintance with her began about two years ago in this very city of New York.

In the Hall where I preached there was, Sunday after Sunday, one winter, a very striking and very strong face; a face that was full of power, that was full of mind, that was full of feeling, which was born evidently of experience, of trial, of thought, of disappointment, of sorrow, of aspiration. Again and again I have seen that strong face go down into two trembling hands, as some lofty thought or word stirred her soul. And I was then surprised to find a depth of tenderness, a power of sympathy and simplicity of feeling in the woman which I could not have suspected to have been there. Then I inquired about her history; and I read her autobiography—that book, every page of which is saturated with sorrow. A strange life, told with the severest simplicity, without any attempt at literary display, without rhetoric, without any effort, it appeared, to gain the sympathy of man or of woman; a story out of the heart, told with all the ingenuousness that was possible; a story of loneliness, of neglect, of persecution; a story of the soul hungering in the world for precisely that which it could not get. The story ends at the very moment when the reader hopes and prays that some little light may break out of the cloud. From that time it was labor; it was effort; it was experience; it was disappointment; disappointment in the holiest relations in life; disappointment in the holiest relations of the mind; disappointment in those finest feelings and those saintliest hopes which so few men or women ever dream of cherishing at all. A disappointment of hope; struggling with men and struggling with women.

A woman this was of purpose, as we clearly see from her own words, and from the testimony of those who had known her for years; a woman whose life has been given to the finest ends; whose aspirations were the very highest; who considered no problems but the most serious; who always had before her some plan for helping the poor, instructing the ignorant, tending the sick, rescuing the

outcast, going down into the lonely and deserted places to deliver those who seem forsaken by all the rest of the world. She was continually asking those questions which never are answered, trying to do that work which is always ideal work, and must be ideal for generations to come, as it appears to us; endeavoring to bring the powers of the heavenly world to bear upon the very earthliest of this world. Everybody is disappointed who tries that. Life is one long series of disappointment to one who tries that. It is disappointment to sight, to knowledge, to immediate expectation; not to faith, not to hope, not to charity. But ah! friends, it requires almost a supernatural amount of faith and hope and charity to keep one from being embittered and unbelieving under so much disappointed effort.

I saw her often, two years ago. She was, let me say, to my surprise, perfectly sweet in all she said, and, it seemed, in all that she thought or felt. I never heard her speak one word of man or of woman that was not respectful of man's and of woman's nature. I never heard her express a single sentiment that was otherwise than kind, gracious, affectionate, or pitying and hopeful of man or woman. I have heard her speak of people who had been hardest in their judgment on her sex, and of people who had borne hardest upon her with their practical influence; she never spoke of them otherwise than gently in my presence. She had a boundless hope of man and of woman. Her effort was the regeneration of woman; not any ideal regeneration, but a practical regeneration of woman. She would take the great idea she cherished and go down among the poor, destitute, criminal and abandoned women, who could understand her and sympathize with her.

The secret of this woman's character was earnest simplicity and entire forgetfulness of herself in the end that she was aiming at and the purposes to which she was giving her life. It was a life of consecration to the highest and holiest ends. You saw this in all her conversation, and in her literary efforts. She wrote works of various kinds—some books of travel, some of experience, some of criticism, some of philosophy. Her literary ambition was very small. Literature with her was only a means of conveying her radical ideas. And if you read those books you will see one thing distinctly, that the woman does not write a book until she has something to say, and something that she thinks is worth saying to her fellow-men. Read her books of travel—simple, authentic, graphic—trying to enlighten the people on the scenes which she is passing through; not that they may be entertained—not that they may be amused, or may while away an idle hour, but that the people who go there after her, may be saved from some of her difficulties. They have always a practical aim. Read her book about California. It is entertaining—it is charming; as good of its kind as ever was written. What made the charm? Simply that this woman was not writing for effect. That her book was a contribution to knowledge, and not only to knowledge, but to experience. She desired that those who came after her to people the country, should have ideas as well as information.

Take her more earnest work, her recent book on Woman and her Era. I say nothing now of the opinions that she entertained—I say nothing now about the arguments that she used in commending her social opinions. Take the book as a literary work: from beginning to end it throbs with the intensest earnestness of a woman who fought, and worked, and lived for a purpose which she deemed worth sacrificing her life for. It was a purpose which she knew could be achieved only in after years. Hers was a doctrine which she knew would be unrecognized by this generation. She was willing to take the criticism; she was willing to take the scorn; she was willing to take the ridicule. She did not ask that any should accept it on her authority. She gained as far as she could all the knowledge that was necessary for the incidental treatment of her theme. She read the poets; she consulted medical treatises and medical men; she penetrated the mysteries of religion and of theology; she went into the regions of metaphysics; she analyzed the human mind, not for the sake of displaying any idle learning, not for the sake of making herself conspicuous, but simply that she might put the whole of her mind and force into her idea, which she considered one of the great ideas of the century, and of all centuries.

As I say, I have no verdict to pronounce on the opinions of this book. The character of the book, and the character of the woman as a writer, are the chief things to be considered. The book is an able one. The arguments are clear. The doctrine will not be received, probably; but many will read it if only for the intense earnestness that throbs in every line. It makes the book eloquent, even though there is not one instance of fine writing in it. It shows, friends, what simple earnestness of purpose will do to make unpopular things popular.

This I take to be the great characteristic of the woman—self-forgetfulness. One was surprised to see how this consecration of hers led her to love art, to love music, to love poetry. It refined her feelings and made her sensitive to every kind and delicate and beautiful influence, so that as you talked with her you found that you were in the atmosphere of a person who breathed the air of serene ideas. This seriousness and intenseness of hers saved her from numerous indelicacies and dangers into which any other person would have fallen. She deals with questions which we all shrink from touching. The path that she treads is along that shadowy border line where man and woman stand looking at each other with a mysterious doubt and suspicion in their eyes. Questions that very few venture to touch, she lays hold of without thinking that she is handling forbidden themes; and it seemed to me that no mere art would have enabled her to execute with such preci-

sion and delicacy passages so difficult of execution.

O, friends, it was a noble life. I sat beside her one afternoon before she was so feeble that she was unable to speak. She lay on her lounge, and her great dark eyes rolled up towards my face as I sat by her, and she said, "Yes, I should like to have done more work; but such work as I attempted never can be done. I tried to lay down one more stepping-stone in the progress of mankind, and if I have laid it in the right place I am satisfied. Nobody finishes a work. No life is ever done, because the life work is done in the great beyond. I am satisfied—I am content. Now I only await the drawing aside of the vail." No fear—no apprehension; not a moment of suspense, not an instant of misgiving, this child of God, who had used the talent that was given her, and done her work well, folded her hands gently; and while her friends were unaware that she was going, passed away. We shall know one of these days how much we are indebted to her. Women must confess a deep gratitude to a woman who, more than all others, praised woman, honored her supremely, was ambitious of her taking a place in society such as she is, alas! not too willing to take; and as a man I thank her for her criticism of men. Whatever she may have thought of man as compared with woman, she hoped and prayed and labored that man and woman might work together for nobler ends, and with a nobler purpose than they had hitherto meditated.

Jenny Dunleath.

BY ALICE CARY.

Jenny Dunleath coming back to the town?
What! coming back here for good, and for all?
Well, that's the last thing for Jenny to do—
I'd go to the ends of the earth, wouldn't you?
Before I'd come back! She'll be pushed to the wall.
Some slips, I can tell her, are never lived down,
And she ought to know it. It's really true,
You think, that she's coming? How dreadfully bold!
But one don't know what will be done, now-a-days,
And Jenny was never the girl to be moved
By what the world said of her. What she approved,
She would do, in despite of its blame or its praise.

She ought to be wiser by this time—let's see;
Why, sure as you live, she is forty years old!
The day I was married she stood up with me,
And *my* Kate is twenty: ah yes, it must be
That Jenny is forty, at least—forty-three,
It may be, or four. She was older, I know,
A good deal, when she was my bridesmaid, than I,
And that's twenty years, now, and longer, ago;
So if she intends to come back and deny
Her age, as 'tis likely she will, I can show
The plain honest truth, by the age of my Kate,
And I will, too! to see an old maid tell a lie,
Just to seem to be young, is a thing that I hate.

You thought we were friends? No, my dear, not at all!
'Tis true we were friendly, as friendliness goes,
But one gets one friends as one chooses one's clothes,
And just as the fashion goes out, lets them fall.
I will not deny we were often together
About the time Jenny was in her high feather;
And she *was* a beauty! No rose of the May
Looked ever so lovely as she on the day
I was married. She, somehow, could grace
Whatever thing touched her. The knots of soft lace
On her little white shoes—the gay cap that half hid
Her womaniy forehead—the bright hair that slid
Like sunshine adown her bare shoulders—the gauze
That rippled about her sweet arms, just because
'Twas Jenny that wore it—the flower in her belt—
No matter what color, 'twas fittest, you felt.
If she sighed, if she smiled, if she played with her fan,
A sort of religious coquettishness ran
Through it all—a bewitching and wildering way,
All tearfully tender and graciously gay.
If e'er you were foolish in word or in speech,
The approval she gave with her serious eyes
Would make your own foolishness seem to you wise;
So all from her magical presence, and each,
Went happy away: 'twas her art to confer
A self-love, that ended in your loving her.

And so she is coming back here! a mishap
To her friends, if she have any friends, one would say;
Well, well, she can't take her old place in the lap
Of holiday fortune—her head must be gray;
And those dazzling cheeks! I would just like to see
How she looks, if I could, without her seeing me.

To think of the Jenny Dunleath that I knew,
A dreary old maid, with nobody to love her—
Her hair silver-white and no roof-tree above her—
One ought to have pity upon her—'tis true!
But I never liked her—in truth, I was glad
In my own secret heart when she came to her fall;
When praise of her meekness was ringing the loudest

I always would say she was proud as the proudest—
That meekness was only a trick that she had—
She was too proud to seem to be proud, that was all.

She stood up with me, I was saying: that day
Was the last of her going abroad for long years—
I never had seen her so bright and so gay,
Yet, spite of the lightness, I had my own fears
That all was not well with her—'twas but her pride
Made her sing the old songs when they asked her to sing,
For when it was done with, and we were aside,
A look wan and weary came over her brow,
And still I can feel just as if it were now,
How she slipped up and down on my finger the ring,
And so hid her face in my bosom and cried.

When the fiddlers were come, and young Archibald Mill
Was dancing with Hetty, I saw how it was,
Nor was I misled when she said she was ill,
For the dews were not standing so thick in the grass
As the drops on her cheeks. So you never have heard
How she fell in disgrace with young Archibald! No?
I won't be the first, then, to whisper a word—
Poor thing! if she only repent, let it go!

Let it go! let what go? My good madam, I pray,
Whereof do I stand here accused? I would know—
I am Jenny Dunleath, that you knew long ago,
A dreary old maid, and unloved, as you say:
God keep you, my sister, from knowing such woe!
Forty years old, madam, that I agree,
The roses washed out of my cheeks by the tears;
And counting my barren and desolate years
By the bright little heads dropping over your knee,
You look in my sorrow with scorn, it appears.

Well, smile, if you can, as you hold up in sight
Your matronly honors, for all men to see;
But I cannot discern, madam, what there can be
To move your proud mirth, in the wildness of night
Falling round me—no hearth for my coming alight—
No rosy-red cheeks at the windows for me.

My love is my shame—in your love you are crowned—
But as we are women, our natures are one;
By need of its nature, the dew and the sun
Belong to the poorest, pale flower o' the ground.
And think you that He who created the heart
Has struck it all helpless and hopeless apart
From these lesser works? Nay, I hold He has bound
Our rights with our needs in so sacred a knot,
We cannot undo them with any mere lie;
Nay, more, my proud lady—the love you have got,
May belong to another as dreary as I!
You have all the world's recognition—your bond—
But have you that better right, lying beyond?—
Agreement with Conscience?—that sanction whereby
You can live in the face of the cruelest scorns?
Ay, set your bare bosom against the sharp thorns
Of jealousy, hatred—against all the harms
Bad fortune can gather—and say, With these arms
About me, I stand here to live and to die!
I take you to have for my patron and saint,
And you shall be bound by that sweetest constraint
Of a liberty wide as the love that you give;
And so to the glory of God we will live,
Through health and through sickness, dear lover and friend,
Through light and through darkness—through all, to the end!

Let it go! Let what go? Make me answer, I pray.
You were speaking just now of some terrible fall—
My love for young Archibald Mill—is that all?
I loved him with all my young heart, as you say—
Nay, what is more, madam, I love him to-day—
My cheeks thin and wan, and my hair gray on gray!
And so I am bold to come back to the town,
In hope that at last I may lay my bones down,
And have the green grasses blow over my face,
Among the old hills where my love had its birth!
If love were a trifle, the morning to grace,
And fade when the night came, why, what were it worth?

He is married! and I am come hither too late?
Your vision misleads you—so pray you, untie
That knot from your sweet brow—I come here to die,
And not to make moan for the chances of fate!
I know that all love that is true is divine,
And when this low incident, Time, shall have sped,
I know the desire of my soul shall be mine—
That, weary, or wounded, or dying, or dead,
The end is secure, so I bear the estate—
Despised of the world's favored women—and wait.

An American Church,

THE

COMPLEMENT TO THE AMERICAN STATE.

BY R. T. HALLOCK.

The philanthropist naturally shrinks from the thought of failure on the part of the nation to establish its political creed. He sees so many disasters consequent—sees that every despot's head would sit more firmly upon his shoulders, that the traffickers in human flesh would revel in the anticipation of perpetual free trade in the population of the African continent, that every man whose god is Mammon, would feel his pockets dilate with the sure guaranty of unrestricted commerce in whatever would bring him cash, that the stricken heart of the millions throughout the lands beyond the sea would sink within them as their hopes of the future died out in our defeat—that he prays in an agony of earnestness, "May God avert it!"

The result of the late election has made it rationally certain that our experiment in self-government is to be continued—that the nation is not to die in our time, that the "rights of man" are yet to be in a degree respected, and the stars and stripes to remain the emblem of human liberty. So, if the race ended with this generation, what I have to say would be useless. The war is near its close and we might be buoyant with the prospect of profound peace and unexampled prosperity. But I speak for the generations yet to be—the children and the children's children which are to follow. We build for them as for ourselves, even as our fathers have wrought for us.

The breathing time which our political triumph has afforded us is favorable for reflection. We may now calmly consider the causes which put the life of the nation in peril, and the principles which are conservative of that life. We have passed a fearful ordeal; the nation to-day is safe; we may now reflect upon what may happen to-morrow. And reflection will surely remind us that our oft-repeated declaration of human equality, which the nation assumed as its organic basis, has never, save by individuals here and there, been any thing more than a creed. It has scarcely been a belief with the million; it has never been a faith. For more than half the period of our national existence we have been ashamed of our political declaration of principles. True, it has been regularly put on duty by way of preface to the Fourth of July orations which annually nauseate us, but it was repeated as a parrot might be taught to do it, and stirred no more thought in the soul of the spread-eagle orator who was to follow it than did his own conservative eloquence in the minds of his auditors. I repeat, it was a creed and not a faith.

Faith is "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." There is no better definition. There is a strict propriety in all its terms. That which enters into our consciousness as a faith is always the thing we most desire to have true—the thing we hope for. "The substance of things hoped for." Mark that word *substance*—the understance—understanding—the foundation reality, or principle upon which the thing hoped for rests. Get that and you have faith—the sure evidence of the things unseen. Such faith had the French astronomer in the existence of the unseen star; such faith has the mechanic in the uncreated instrument to which may be applied the unfailing principle he has once verified; such faith has the true man-lover who sees that justice is not a precept, but a power; such faith had *not* this nation, and, wanting it, there was wanting a vital element of perpetuity. Jesus did not overstate either its importance or its power. The man without it, does nothing—can do nothing. With it, he removes mountains; and the same is true of the nation. While able only to repeat its creed, (which its most deadly foes did quite as flippantly,) it accomplished nothing; it only moved in the direction of success when it became inspired by its meaning. All true men breathed freer when their eyes rested for the first time upon the word *justice* as embodied in a state paper from the white-house.

From that hour the word has had meaning. From a mere precept to be talked about, it began to be recognized as a principle to be lived. When it had fairly marched out of the Sunday homily where it had been droned, *ad nauseam*, through the bag-pipes of orthodoxy by way of compliment to God, into the affairs of state, then the nation gave its first sign of returning life. And thus it is in the divine economy, the truth of a creed, lying latent however long, will ultimately become a faith and move the world. No spoken word of truth can die or fail to become a living thing—a substantial outworking reality in the world. It is this power of growth which distinguishes

it from error. The only thing in God's universe that can come to an end, is a fallacy. Like the darkness that succeeds the setting sun, which may be cimmerian for a time; but it is a no thing—it is but the absence of a thing. Whereas, the truth, which always germinates where the child lives, reaches its branches out to infinitude. The more you analyze it the larger it becomes. Its center is in the eternal, omnipresent reality of things, and its radii extend to the circumference of all that is. So then, it was not a little that our political creed was true; though lying apparently dead so long, it will yet become a moving power on the earth, and men shall see it.

But in this breathing time of ours, now while the government of the nation has fairly shaped its course and every southerly breeze bears us tidings of victory, let memory invite the reason to a voyage adown the stream of history: to the end that she may inquire why it is that its shores are strewn with the wrecks of nations. Egyptian monarchies, Jewish aristocracies, (which were held to be an improvement upon the government of God,) Grecian Republics and Roman Empires, live only in history. But wherefore? that is the question. It has been said by one of the world's thinkers, that "Empires, though rarely so short-lived as men, have also their time to die." His conclusion was deduced from all that had been, rather than from principles which perpetuate or destroy. That which is immortal must be constituted of elements which are indestructible. That which is composed of destructible elements must of necessity perish. So we might say *a priori* of the human body, knowing its constituents, that it must die. But of the soul we say the contrary because its elements are eternal. The food upon which it lives is everlasting truth. How can that soul die? How can the body live? How can that empire live whose daily bread is a lie? How can that empire die that is built upon the rock of eternal principles?

There is no element of decay in our organic law—the declaration of human equality—it is a self-evident truth; and as no truth can fail, so neither can a nation which adheres to the truth fail. It was *fundamental falsehood*, and not a natural necessity that made the ancient empires mortal. The conservative principle of a state, viz., the equality of all its people before the law, was universally ignored. They built their thrones upon a foundation directly opposite to that upon which the American state rests, and they could no more endure than can the falsehood which they cherished. It was the viper in their bosom which stung them to death. But the nation that recognizes the eternal law of brotherhood and acts conformably, is cradled in God's right hand. When God fails, that will fail; when justice comes to an end, the nation will die, and not before.

The reason, prompted by memory, on their voyage among the quick-sands and sunken shoals of ancient empires, is not in the least surprised that the Roman people, for example, having treated their Cicero as our southern aristocrats would have long since treated William Lloyd Garrison could they have caught him, came in something less than a hundred and fifty years to a Nero, a Caligula and a Domitian. They were the natural birth of the blindness that could not see Cicero, and Reason no more marvels thereat than she does that the American people, failing to apprehend Thomas Jefferson, descended in less than a century to John Tyler, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan and the very brink of the abyss. Did ever school-boy on sled descend an icy slope with such fearful velocity as this nation rushed down from the lofty summit of principle to the valley of infernal shams—a region whose only light is the shadow of death!

That which ruined the historic nations and had so nearly destroyed ours was the abnegation of the rights of man. They insisted upon the rights of caste instead. Their wars were for the benefit of caste. They were but so many wholesale murders. The sword was never drawn in defense of a natural right. In all the universe there was not one single drop of truth to sweeten the ocean of blood they spilled. They believed a lie—they fought for a lie, and they died of the lie they lived for.

With the light of all history superadded to our own observation of the play of principles upon this world of ours, there should be no doubt of what is absolutely required for the perpetuity of the American life. We have the original advantage of having started right. The state rests not upon fiction, but upon eternal fact. The plastic power which casts all human hearts in a common mold, makes human rights identical. And upon this fact, rests the state. Our fathers entered their caveat, they took solemn issue, they made stern denial of the sacred falsehood that kings were

born to govern, and subjects to obey. They transferred the issue of rights from kinghood to manhood, and won a victory for man which I am laboring to show may be pushed to universal triumph and secured to the race forever. There is no chemistry that can dissolve a state the foundation of which is truth, and the life of which is righteousness. The nation that truly perceives and respects the dignity of manhood, or in other words lays its foundation in truth, what is there to hinder its living while truth itself endures? May not a man follow the truth forever? Why not a state then, which is but a series of generations of men? Truth and righteousness are the two eternal elements of national longevity, and the state which incorporates them into its life, cannot die. It becomes an everlasting abiding place; a city set on a hill, the light of which cannot be hid; the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land; the incarnation of God himself in his divine beneficence, casting its rays alike upon all that lives and breathes.

I have said there should be no doubt as to the things necessary to the life of the state; but there is an existing element of weakness in it, which has too long gone unnoticed. True, there are other dangers. The danger imminent, is from a too hasty adjustment of the national quarrel after the sword shall have done its work. There is poison in the breath of Wall street; but I stop not to consider these in the presence of a danger more subtile than avarice, and more difficult to overcome than the mistakes of politicians. The state is without a church. Its political creed is native born, while its theology is foreign. It is not without significance that the men who first made proclamation of the American idea, were as inimical to the religion of England as they were to its government. They had repudiated the British church before they declared independence of British monarchy; and out of the new church which they had projected, the new state was born. It could have come of no other. A state that is to embrace mankind, must be the birth of a religion as broad as mankind. It must not be Asiatic, it must not be English, it must not be Roman—it must be *broadly human*. The American state therefore could have come from no sect in Christendom, nor from all the sects combined. Their fundamental idea divides mankind—insists upon a *natural* division, makes the race unequal before God, and before the law. It dresses its priests differently from its people. It has sacred places and holy offices; it has been the evil genius of inequality from the days of the first Bishop of Constantinople down to Bishop Polk, of Tennessee. Now, when it is possible to derive the blessings of universal freedom and equality from inequality incarnate, we may expect figs from thistles and grapes from thorns.

Let us consider the truism so long ago stated—"A house divided against itself cannot stand." The house is the family—the most sacred relation upon earth. Divide the family, set the children against the parents, or the reverse—divide it where you will, and you have made an end of all that is worthy of the name of home. The truism holds with neighborhoods, communities, states. The law holds even, with the individual, as between his internal and his external selfhood. There are men and women whose diseases are the legitimate result of a war between their intuitions and their reason. Principles work outwardly, and we will do well to see to it that "the house we live in" be not divided against itself.

Now, the sages of seventy-six, when they had virtually declared every man a king and a priest in his own right, could no more consistently have created or countenanced a Bishop than they could a Duke. To have done so, would have been to divide their house against itself as surely as slavery has since divided it. No, that office was imported with our religion, not an idea or form, or ceremony of which, is of American birth. And yet America is competent to lead the world—does in fact criticise the world, and freely reject the world's ways whenever it discovers better, in all except its religion. In that it sits as though it were the victim of a spiritual paralysis.

But a house divided against itself cannot stand. The Romish church fits admirably with the Romish government; the Church of England is a pillar of the British throne. There is perfect accord between them, and one is as consistent as the other. The coronet of the Duke is the complement to the crosier of the Bishop. Their church ceremonies are the natural prelude to their state ceremonies. The Bishop puts his shirt on over all in the presence of God, and his correlative wears knee-breeches in presence of his sovereign. There are forms without number to be observed in the church, and forms without sense to uphold the dignity of the state; and

in all this there is perfect consistency. Their house is not divided against itself—at least in that direction.

Ours is. The state grounds itself upon self-evident truth; the church we cherish, rests upon the thirty-nine articles of Episcopacy, the five points of Calvin, and the private opinion of John Wesley. It calls itself Christian: but it does not stand upon a single precept or principle enunciated by Jesus. Its doctrines are the commentaries of the biographers of Jesus distilled through the Fathers, and diluted by councils into a creed in which nothing remains but self-evident falsehood. A church thus founded—a church whose fundamental idea is a total misconception of both God and man, a church that substitutes ceremony for principle, and tradition for reason, is not the natural complement to a state which rests wholly upon the reason of things. If the state honors human nature, the church that is to sustain it must not dishonor it. Else, the house is divided and it cannot stand.

Good always works by truth. Falsehood may illustrate the truth, and may point out the good by its own inversion; but it never befriends it. Truth is its only handmaid. Their relation is like that of the intellect and the affections. They constitute the real man—the good, the use—the intellect is the servant that does their work. So, truth and good are in eternal conjugal relation. To attempt to serve the good by the aid of fallacy, although it may seem to be potent for the time being, and we may seem to succeed, as we so often seemed to have secured peace by our political compromises, must inevitably fail; and if so, how can a living, substantial state be conserved by a dead religion and a rotten morality? If the state rests upon the reality which we know it does, how is it to be guided by a church that stands only upon opinion? A state all real, and a church all sham; a state all principle, and a church all ceremony. How look these in juxtaposition? As well might we try to weld wood and iron as try to unite the ceremonies which pass for worship, and the creeds which express our religious faith, with the eternal truth that underlies the state. And yet we have been trying to do that.

Worse than that. Our imported religion brought the state to where it was on the breaking out of the rebellion. Even the New York *Tribune* awoke one morning with the consciousness that the prime dignitaries of the Catholic church had gone solid in the late election for George B. McClellan; that is to say, went with all their might against the fundamental doctrine of equality. But what is true of popular Catholicism in its logical hatred of the doctrine, is equally true of popular Protestantism. Of the truth of this, the recollections of the last quarter of a century will convince any one who will exercise his memory. The brick-bats and bad eggs, launched so freely at the advocates of the doctrine of Jefferson, were aimed by the church. The communion table and the gaming table struck hands and strove to outdo each other. The Quakers plied the terrors of excommunication. The theaters took up the weapon of ridicule, and the low groggeries the torch of the incendiary in a common cause against the rights of man. That they knew not what they did is cheerfully granted. Their ignorance is a just apology for them; but it is no security for us. It is against this monstrous stupidity that we are to strive. The warfare before us is with religious ignorance as the source of every mischief under heaven.

The fitness of the English Church to the English State is obvious. Is not its unfitness to the American State equally plain? An Englishman landing in New York of a Sunday morning, on entering Trinity, or Grace church, would see or hear little or nothing to remind him that he was not in a London Cathedral. Is not the service English? Have not their respective congregations striven with all their might to make *themselves* English? English from the robes of the priest at the altar, to the boots of the lackey on the coach-box at the door. We were told last summer of a certain democratic notable, that he imported his liveries. Well, it is worth a thought that the Jewish nation has had some rough passages in their descent from the prophet Isaiah to the banker Belmont and the Jews of Chatham street; and it is not without significance that our modern democracy has for a prominent pillar, a Jew, who keeps fast horses and employs a court tailor, that his menials may shine in the true European cut.

The foreign signs (annually increasing) in the business streets, are signs of more than is for sale behind them. Ask a proprietor as to his opinion of America and the mission assigned her in the providence of God, and he will answer, "America is one grand country

to make money in." For years previous to the rebellion, with few exceptions, every American who went to Europe, came back an aristocrat in principle as far as he knew, and set up forthwith the practice of an aristocrat with what brains he had. When the war threatened, he thought if Jeff. Davis and Garrison could be hung on the same tree, it would keep his stocks at par, which was equivalent to the pacification of all grievances. That a principle so beleagured, so abandoned of those who should have been its friends—the common butt of profoundest ignorance and deepest learning, lowest poverty and greatest wealth, highest fashion and loathsomest of filth, ragged ruffian and surpliced priest—should have maintained its place in the hearts of *any* of the people, is proof of its vital power—proof that its life is in God, and can not die.

But the nation may die; political death is possible. What has been, may be again. We can not awake too soon to the fact that our imported theology is in both essence and form directly opposed to our domestic polity, and that consequently one or the other must be false, and will therefore fail. I do not charge the sincere adherents of that theology with any intent against the republic; but ignorance is always dangerous, whatever the intent, and error perpetually demoralizes. We must look beyond individual motives, to the natural tendency of things.

But this American church, which is to be the complement of the state, which is to be its indwelling life and power, who shall write its creed? Ah! that is not the question. It is already written. The question is, who shall *read it* in the soul of him. Like its counterpart, which, in simplicity of statement, descends to the comprehension of a child, and in breadth of meaning rises to the majesty of an angel, it is all embracing—it is *reverence for all truth, and good will to all men.* A use for every truth in its reason, and a home for every man in its heart. Is not that creed broad enough to meet the wants of the state? Is not every other—are not all others infinitely too narrow?

Ceremony misleads. Custom makes blind. The Quakers had a comfortable prophecy which they were fond of repeating. The father of William Penn, who, being a vice admiral in the British navy, was of course horror-stricken at his son's adhesion to the sect of George Fox, on his death-bed, when he had got an inkling of things more substantial than titles, said, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." But they have not made an end of the priests. The spirit of priestcraft has made an end of the Quakers. The prophecy is fulfilled wrong end foremost. It contained a condition, and they misinterpreted its terms. They mistook the "plain way of living," for a straight coat, and what they choose to call "the plain language," instead of living the plain truth. They mistook the "plain way of preaching," for the stringing together texts of scripture in a monotonous sing-song, each discourse the copy of its predecessor for fifty years at a stretch—*this* for the inspiration and fearless originality which made the life of Fox glow like a star in the midnight darkness of English corruption which had made religion a trade and its priests fox-hunters and drunkards. So they have dried up in the plain coat, whereas, the plain truth would have kept them as green to-day as in the days when a plain coat had meaning.

Now, I have lived all my life in open sight of that fearful mistake, and do not want to see it repeated. Ceremony cheats—custom dulls the moral sense. The first chapter of Isaiah is as true to-day as ever it was; but its solemn enunciations did not save the nation to which it was addressed. Its wandering remnants cling to the denounced ceremonies to this hour; but as a nation, it has long since faded out of the map of the world.

Like supports like. If the soul were a sham it might subsist upon ceremony. If the soul were a beast it might live on the eucharist. If the state were a lie it might grow fat on falsehood. But, like the human soul, it is a great truth, a profound reality. It has a work to do. It is the embodiment of an idea, and its mission is to work it out to universality, to the end that it may live to all eternity.

Such is the state; but the visible church, what is it? It is a bundle of theological misconceptions glossed over with surplices, ceremonies, and music. As has been graphically said of the slaveholders' rebellion, it is a shell and nothing in it. Our political creed is a standing reproach to the theological formulas we affect to reverence. In this, natural order is inverted. Theology should be the most simple and exact of all the sciences, because

it treats of God and the soul. A man may blunder his money account, he may fail to get the exact measure of his acres, or he may lose his way upon the ocean and yet live; but if his moral accounting be a mistake, if he gets a wrong measure of himself, if he loses his path through life, the end thereof is death. Hence theology is of right the master science to which all others are subordinate—a science at once simple and demonstrative, of few words and universal meaning. Theology is older than politics. Nations build their states after the pattern of their church. The state institution takes the form of the religious idea. As the nation thinks of God and man—as is its theology—so it will be.

Let me not be misunderstood. I have no controversy *per se* with a piece of white cloth sewed cunningly together. Call it a surplice if you choose, and I shall not be offended. But when you hang it out as a sign that you are nearer to God than I, when you put it on, or countenance it as an act of worship, my brother, you are in a bad way. Forms are well. "Order is heaven's first law." But to be blest of heaven they must signify a truth. Music is divine; but if it spring not from the soul, the organ cannot sanctify it. Music, dress, forms of associate action, or congregational order, are legitimate means of human profit and happiness; but "work is worship," and to be religious is to bind one's self to the eternal.

The mistake has been in substituting these ceremonials for religion—in supposing that we could claim merit from God by their performance. The Christian world has drifted down the centuries in the vain belief that its assent to what it assumed to be the truth made itself true, and gave it a right to the reward applicable, by its own inherent law, only to a doer of the truth. Our work is to rectify the error. Let us set about it like men, earnestly, calmly. Let us make haste slowly but surely. The welfare of the race is involved in the fidelity of this generation of American patriots and philanthropists to their work. Their success is apparent in the reformation of the state. But they must not stop there. We must deal with causes. Action will be pure when we have purified the fountain whence action springs. The state will be noble when the church is true; practical, when the church is a principle; combined they will form the kingdom of God on earth.

This is the end at which all true men drive; but America must take the first practical initiative. It is emphatically her work. She must redeem the world or she will inevitably lose herself. The question of the ages is upon her and she must solve it or be resolved by it. We are "Friends of Progress;" let us go ahead. Ler us set our faces as a flint against every popular sham—let us strike boldly out for principle. We have organized a "Moral Police." As a member of it, this is my contribution of work for the hour you have lent me. Not for you in particular, but for your children's children—for humanity in the future—"for the good time in the distance," I stand here to advocate the truth which is an eternal now.

The Bequest of Spiritualism.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

The measurement of a radical religious movement can never be found in its organization or numbers. The very fact of radicalism implies a comparative absence of organization, and an entire indefiniteness as to numbers. It is only conservatism that can be readily marshaled or accurately counted. Cassius Clay used to point out, as the great obstacle to the formation of an anti-slavery party in Kentucky, that so soon as a man became anti-slavery, he straightway removed out of the State. This is the great drawback on a radical party in the church, now that the age of persecution is past. So soon as a man thinks for himself beyond a certain point, he simply grows indifferent to the church and all its belongings. And it is very difficult to take a census of indifference.

The movement called "Spiritualism," while at its highest, happily escaped being crystallized into a sect. It would perhaps have been difficult for it to take that form, having no distinctive points which it could properly call its own, whether of faith or practice, except the belief in continuous spirit-intercourse; and even this belief being held in common with various sects already organized. It was easy, therefore, for those who held this dogma, either to maintain their former church connections, or to remain still clear of all religious connections whatever. There was also the trouble that the distinctive preaching and literature of "Spiritualism" were almost utterly valueless; or were at best of some

temporary service to those who had been fed on husks so long, in the churches, that even wind and froth seemed palatable instead. Strong and cultivated minds cannot long retain their interest in a movement that has not some suitable nutriment to offer them. The literature and lectures of "Spiritualism" offering no such nutriment, there was nothing to digest but the facts or phenomena. And the supply of those having, for some unexplained reason, fallen away—or at least the quality of the supply not improving—many of the more intelligent advocates have apparently fallen away, also.

The desertion is, however, only apparent. The main fulcrum of the religious life being the belief in personal immortality, whatever touches any person on that point touches him deeply, and the influence is not soon forgotten. If that influence does not create new creeds and customs, at least it makes the old ones seem very secondary, and so helps the progress of emancipation.

It is therefore saying a great deal for Spiritualism, to say that it has pulverized the soil very widely, and left large regions open to the sun and air. Its organized results, or even its organizable results, may be inconsiderable, but the work of preparation which it has done is enormous. It has bequeathed a vast, scattered, and rather indefinite public, not highly educated nor very discriminating, but ready and eager for the best thoughts. If this public cannot find this food within the fold of "Spiritualism," it will go outside—will find it in Emerson, in Parker, even in Beecher. Above all—since inexperienced mental activity is always eager for *systems*—the clear good sense and compact philosophy of Herbert Spencer are taking a strong hold upon precisely this class, and must have a good effect as means of training, whatever their absolute deficiencies.

Meanwhile Unitarianism, Universalism, and Quakerism—all ranked as comparatively progressive bodies—have entirely failed in achieving this width of audience—Quakerism through its formality, Universalism through its narrowness, and Unitarianism through its indecision. Neither of the former can be said to have produced, in this country, a single commanding mind. Unitarianism had one such in Theodore Parker, and threw it away. It is impossible to calculate the results that might have followed, if the educated body of Unitarian clergy had been able at once to follow Mr. Parker's lead, and take up the work he indicated. That not happening, there has been a loss on both sides. Many young men of ability have gradually left the Unitarian ministry for other pursuits, and it is very difficult, as Dr. Bellows complains, even to fill the existing parishes with educated men. On the other hand, there is no gain in popular hold on the masses, and thus the candle is burning out at both ends. The thing is inevitable; it is too late in the day to rival Methodism or Episcopacy on its own ground, and there is no demand for any new religious movement which does not heartily accept the most advanced theological and scientific positions, and keep its institutions abreast with the age.

Unitarianism, as such, is probably unable to do this, as are Universalism and Quakerism, in their organized capacity; but children trained in these sects will do it and are doing it. And those who have had this mild half-way training usually take far more kindly to an advanced position than those who have struggled into it out of conservative churches, and who are often scarred, all through life, with the traces of the conflict. And with these religious reformers the Spiritualists naturally come in—more numerous in numbers than any other detachment—favored in the cheerfulness and serenity of their faith—but on the other hand rather exposed to extravagance and credulity, and needing a more thorough training and a firmer good sense.

What forms Natural Religion is to take, when emancipated from the embarrassments of mythology, we cannot yet tell, and men must feel their way along by degrees. The emancipation is a fact at any rate, and the rest is a mere question of time. It must be remembered that it never has been practically shown, till lately, that large numbers of men could be controlled by Natural Religion alone, without the aid of a mythology. Practically speaking, in past ages, the rejection of supernaturalism has been usually accompanied by some relaxation of morals and of the faith in immortality. The peculiarity of the present time is, that these unfavorable results do not follow—and this is the chief ground of hope. Most persons do not believe in superstitions because the belief is easy; but because they will try to believe in anything, rather than risk their faith in immortality, or relax the bonds of social restraint. Once show a body of men and women who, under the guidance

of Natural Religion, retain these essential things, and you deal a severer blow at superstition than by any intellectual argument.

"Spiritualism" offers a larger quota for such a body than any other movement or sect, and with time and patience, may secure for it a great increase of numbers, no matter under what name. But it must be said again that radicalism is difficult to count or organize; and a large part of its influence is moreover always spent in softening the prejudices of conservatism, so that radical protests grow less needful as they grow more effectual. How much there is in common, for instance, between Beecher's and Parker's congregations; yet Parker regarded Jesus as a man, while it is the pivot of Beecher's faith to worship him as the only conceivable God. In proportion as men become enlightened, too, church-going becomes less a duty in itself and more dependent on the interest it excites; and the utmost radical would rather attend a Roman Catholic ceremony, if interesting, than a tiresome harangue by an uninteresting brother heretic. If we count the worshipers, therefore, the most conservative church will usually have the advantage; but if we count those who conscientiously stay at home, the result may be quite different; and will at any rate depend chiefly on the interest imparted to the current services, by those who conduct them.

We must fall back therefore, on this, that the bequest of Spiritualism is not a church, nor even the materials with which to erect a church, but simply a building-lot, on which, with the annexation of other vacant ground in the same neighborhood, something may yet be built. When rational Spiritualists and radical Unitarians—with corresponding material from other religious bodies—can come together in good earnest, and hit upon just the right middle path between laxity and sectarianism. it will be a great step in religious progress. This may be no easy thing to adjust, so far as Sunday services are concerned, because there are so many things that may be done on Sunday, of which church-going is but one. It does not seem so difficult, however, to do it in the way of periodical literature, and if the "Friend of Progress" can perform this work, it will be a benefactor to the American people and to the human race.

—What is unjust can never be permanently expedient.

Minor Topics.

Ante-dating Periodicals.

The simple truth is so altogether excellent, that we deplore the least seeming departure therefrom. The popular practice of dating papers weeks in advance, though defended by obvious reasoning, has an air of untruthfulness, which serves to invalidate the use of dates altogether.

An illustration of the absurd inconsistency, indeed, absolute falsity of such a practice, is before us, on the page of a monthly magazine, where, ten days before Christmas, we read: "Christmas has come and gone," and "this Christmas we sought solace and consolation in revising, correcting, and rearranging," for a magazine which was read and shelved by many before the "jovial holidays" appeared!

Our intention is to publish the *Friend of Progress* the last of the month preceding its date, that by the first of each month the magazine may be in the hands of most of its readers. We hope to avoid, however, any such flagrant blunders as we have noted.

Taxation without Representation.

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, addresses to the authorities of that city her annual protest against *taxation without representation*. We are glad of these stated and persistent efforts, especially when, as in Miss Hunt's case, they are forcible, logical, and dignified. When the word slave has no longer an application within the republic, the task before us is to expunge from our statute-books the words "white" and "male." And the accomplishment of this work is simply a matter of time. For the coming years the question of the equality of the sexes will be paramount to most other practical subjects before the American people. Agitation has commenced, and we would aid it as best we may.

Liberal Colportage.

One of the most successful means for disseminating popular religious opinions is the employment of colporteurs. Their value is so well understood that the entire country is districted and canvassed by them. Accustomed as they are to an open field, they manifest no little surprise, and annoyance even, when disseminators of liberal opinions are met.

A religious paper publishes a most pathetic letter from one of these laborers, who encountered an agent selling Renan's Life of Jesus. "This," says the writer, "really was a giant in the land." If human reason has any office, and truth any power, such giants are dangerous only to the race of dwarfs developed by popular superstitions. Perchance if multiplied, the standard of manly stature may

be advanced, and the world be the better for it.

The Ladies' Riding Suit.

A correspondent of the *Herald of Health* gives a list of twenty-five ladies of Pleasant Valley, Willow Glade, and Lakefield, Wis., who have adopted the masculine mode of horseback riding, and donned a riding suit adapted thereto. It is thus described: full dress blue cloth coat and buff cassimere vest, both with plain flat gilt buttons, dark blue cassimere pants, and black dress hat. This dress is worn to church, and sometimes kept on exclusively for days together. The ladies who adopt it are of high social standing, and bid fair to make the dress, at least in that neighborhood, eminently respectable, if not fashionable.

Our Library.

Meadville Theological School. We have received the Catologue for 1864–'5 of this Institution. Among the professors we notice the names of Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Cincinnati, and Rev. G. W. Hosmer, of Buffalo. The Board of Trustees embraces Revs. H. W. Bellows, S. J. May, W. H. Furness, Jas. Freeman Clarke, and F. Huidekoper, Messrs. J. Douglass, Clinton Roudebush, and others. Alfred Huidekoper, Esq., Secretary. The act of incorporation forbids any doctrinal test as a condition of membership. The provision for students is ample, and Meadville is easy of access, and a pleasant place of residence.

Gazlay's Pacific Monthly. The first number of this new Magazine contains contributions from Rev. H. W. Bellows, Mr. and Mrs. Frodsham, J. P. Curry, and others. The design of the publication is "to promote the interests of the Pacific States," and, we judge by its publication here, also to enlighten the Atlantic public upon the resources and advantages of the Pacific shore. The number is illustrated, and will interest Californians and their friends, though the price (five dollars—two and a half specie—per year,) may discourage subscriptions here.

The New York Monthly and Working-Women's Advocate. KATE J. BOYD, Editress and Publisher, (why Edit*ress?*) 83 Nassau street, New York. $1 25 per year.

In an editorial paragraph upon "The Hat and Feather Mania" we find the following:

"There is one slight objection to flaring hats, to which our delicacy almost forbids us to call attention. It is this: they throng the sidewalks after nightfall. However, as Dr. Watts thought it meet and proper that psalms and hymns should be set to profane song tunes, perhaps the fact that the fallen sisterhood wear the jauntiest hats in town is no reason why Virtue should not sport the same styles. Lucretia is still Lucretia, though she may don the plumes of Lais. The only difficulty is, that the similarity occasionally leads to unpleasant mistakes."

To what "unpleasant mistakes" can the edit*ress* of the New York *Monthly*, in her walks about town in aid of working-women, be led by the jaunty hat of any other woman? Surely the editress has been betrayed into an imitation of a masculine style of writing, utterly unworthy a sheet professing advocacy of any genuine human interests.

The Women's Journal. Published monthly, under the auspices of the Working-Women's Relief Association, at 736 Arch Street, Philadelphia. $1 per year.

This advocate of reform in the education and occupation of Woman, is a well-printed, carefully conducted, and earnest sheet, and merits the support of all interested in the movement to which it is devoted, and this ought to include every intelligent reader.

Our Young Folks for January has appeared. It is a thoroughly earnest and able attempt in the right direction. Some of its features of excellence are almost too weighty; but the coming months will serve to lighten, adapt, and improve it, where it needs but little. Were we to suggest a few points, they would be, more profuse illustration, a distinct editorial communication with the readers, and freedom from the stilted style which serves up for young folks such phrases as, "What might ensue, he wisely forbore to essay." On the whole, the boys and girls will not only be pleased with "Our Young Folks," but be improved by reading it.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly, and Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashion.

This Magazine combines a variety of original and tasteful features. In music and art, its purpose is to cultivate an improved popular taste, and the editorial department under the management of Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) and Mr. Demorest, has a practical and utilitarian, if not decidedly progressive aim and tendency. The February number has an important article from the pen of Jennie June, upon "What Children Should Read." The need of a different class of juvenile books, to take the place of "Mother Goose," "Jack the Giant Killer," &c., is forcibly presented. We would be glad to quote at length, but can only refer our readers to the Magazine for the article itself. 25 cents a number.

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